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MONTHLY
OFFERING

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BY JOHN A. COLLINS.

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MONTHLY OFFERING.

—JANUARY—

The Cause of Emancipation.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Falsehood and impudence will have it, that I have seriously injured the sacred cause of liberty. Much do they care for the speedy triumph of that cause! Rather they care nothing, fear nothing about it, except that the abolitionists will succeed in putting the slave-system down. Will any man say that I have overrated the rights, privileges, enjoyments of liberty?—that I have eulogized it too strongly, painted its beauties in too glowing colors, represented it above its true value, advocated its universal prevalence too earnestly, defended it too vigorously against the assaults of its enemies? Who and where is that man? Is he a man? Is he an American, a Republican, a Christian? Why, I have been taught from childhood to consider liberty an inestimable boon,—as something worth contending for, worth dying for, above all price, above all earthly considerations! It has been instilled into me, that

> "A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
> Is worth a whole eternity of bondage!"

I thought American freemen subscribed to the affirmation, that it is

> "Better to sit in Freedom's hall,
> With a cold damp floor, and mouldering wall,
> Than to bend the neck, or bow the knee,
> In the proudest palace of slavery!"

I thought it was the earnest inquiry in 1776,—"the time that tried men's souls"—

> "O! where's the slave so lowly,
> Condemned to chains unholy,
> Who could he burst his bonds at first,
> Would pine beneath them slowly?

What soul whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decayed it,
When thus its wing at once might spring
To the throne of Him who made it?"

"O LIBERTY! O sound once delightful to every AMERCAN ear! Once sacred, but now trampled upon!" Arise from the dust, armed with immortal energy, and scatter thy foes as chaff is driven before the whirlwind! Knowest thou not that thou art destined to be the conqueror of the world, and that no weapon against thee can prosper? O, sublime is the conflict before thee, and right royally shalt thou triumph, to the joy of all heaven and earth!

That I have estimated a state of freedom too highly is impossible! The difficulty is, to appreciate it, in all its grandeur and glory. Never can I be too thankful to God, that I was not born a slave; that my wife and little ones are secure from the clutches of the kidnapper; that my hearth-stone is sacred to purity and love; that it is not the horrible fate of myself and family, to be prized as goods and chattels, and herded with four-footed beasts and creeping things. O, to be free as the winds of heaven; to be restrained by nothing but love to God and love to man; to go and come, rise up or lie down, labor or rest, just as the free spirit shall elect; to stand up in the dignity of manhood, almost on a level with the angels of God, and find no superior on earth; to understand all knowledge, and know the why and wherefore of "the brave o'erhanging sky," and the outstretched earth, and pry into the mysteries of creation;—above all, to be instructed from those Holy Scriptures which are able to make the seeker wise unto salvation, and which show what is the perfect will of God, and how we may become free indeed in Christ Jesus;—this is to make life a blessing, and the reverse of it a curse. I have not, then, at any time, extolled liberty too highly.

But the popular cry against me is, that I have spoken of slavery, and slaveholders, and the apologists of slavery, in harsh denunciatory language, so as greatly to injure the cause I profess to love. This is not only hypercritic-

al, but, I fear, hypocritical, on the part of my accusers. Who ever knew men induced to love freedom less, because they were urged to hate slavery more? I scoff at such a conclusion! That my language has been rough, vehement, denunciatory, is true: but why? because the exigency of the times demanded it; because any other language would have been inappropriate and ineffectual; because my theme was not a gentle one, about buds, and blossoms, and flowers, and gentle zephyrs, and starry skies; but about a nation of boasting republicans and Christians ruthlessly consigning to chains and slavery every sixth person born in the land—about a land,

> "Where the image of God is accounted as base,
> And the image of Cesar set up in its place"—

about one vast system of crime and blood, and all imaginable lewdness and villany—about the robbers of God's poor, those who keep back the hire of their laborers by fraud, those who sin against the clearest light, and in the most awful manner. Now, what words shall I use to express the convictions of an honest soul, in view of such attrocious impiety, and such unequalled meanness and baseness? Shall they be gentle, and carefully selected, and cautiously expressed? Away with such counsel: it is treason against the throne of God! call things by their right names, and let the indignant spirit find free utterance.

> "On such a theme 't were impious to be calm!
> Passion is reason, transport temper here!"

It may be said, this is all declamation,—why not argue the matter? Argue, indeed! What is the proposition to be discussed! It is this: whether all men are created free and equal, and have an inalienable right to liberty! I am urged to argue this with a people, who declare it to be a self-evident truth! Why, such folly belongs to Bedlam. When my countrymen shall burn their Bibles, and rescind their famous Declaration of Independence, and reduce themselves to colonial dependence upon the mother country, I will find both time and patience to reason

with them on the subject of human rights. Argument is demanded—to prove what ? Why, that one man has no right to make a chattel of another ! that he is a thief who picks another man's pockets, and kidnaps his body and soul ! that an American citizen, who is a slave-master, and yet pretends to be a republican or Christian, is an arrant hypocrite ! that to sell families by auction, like cattle, swine, in lots to suit purchasers, is a crime ! that to forbid the instruction of almost one half of the Southern population, and also the circulation of the Bible, under terrible pains and penalties, is to incur the displeasure of heaven ! that it would be right, safe, expedient, to pay a laborer wages, recognize and treat him as a man, place him under the protection of equal laws, and cease brutalizing him without a cause ! are these propositions to be gravely discussed in the United States in the nineteenth century ? Not by me, whatever others may think proper to do. For there is not a slaveholder in all the land, who does not as certainly know that he is a thief and a tyrant, as that he exists,—whether he claims to be a titled divine, or a senator in Congress. How do I make good the assertion ? By condemning him out of his own mouth : for he acknowledges that the sentiments contained in his country's Declaration are true, yet dares to put an equal brother under his feet ! by appealing to his own nature : for, sooner than he would suffer himself to be placed in the condition of his slave, he would choose to encounter death in any form. No man ever yet hated his own flesh. Therefore, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,"—and "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The day for admitting excuses is gone by ! No man may now plead ignorance of his duty. The motives for immediate action are overwhelming. Two millions and a half of men, women, and children already in chains in our midst ; seventy thousand infants, the offspring of slave parents, annually kidnapped from their birth ; the right of petition trampled in the dust ; the freedom of speech no longer sacred ; the slave system de-

fended as a divine institution by the rulers in Church and State ; and the whole country filled with pollution, violence, and blood ; behold our situation, and what is to be our fate, as a people, if we will not amend our ways and our doings ! *Liberty Bell.*

Written for the Monthly Offering.

Story of Lila.

Near a large town on the banks of the Mississippi, lived a Frenchman, who possessed about fifteen or twenty field hands. Like others of his nation, he loved industry, and while he practiced it himself, expected all around him to do the same. Possessed of a strong constitution, he made no allowance for the inability of his attendants to perform as much labor as himself, poorly clad, and poorly fed, as the French slaves generally are.

Among the female slaves who were accustomed to work in the field, was one named Lila. She was not counted very valuable, for her services were "hired" to a lady in town, for twelve dollars per month, a paltry sum for a grown hand in that region, yet she seemed to possess some influence over the mind of her master.

I suppose my readers know that when a slave is hired, the money is given to the slave every month, to carry to the master. Sometimes they require a certain part, and allow the slave to keep the remainder for their own use, which oftentimes is saved for the purchase of their freedom, but in this case, the master took the whole.

Lila was entirely ignorant of every kind of household work. She could not cook, nor wash, nor iron, nor sweep, nor scour, nor make beds, nor sew : in short, she could do nothing but hoe corn and pick cotton. The lady who had hired her, was a Northerner, an amiable kind-hearted woman, she carefully and patiently taught her all these employments, one at a time, telling her kindly how to do a thing, then leaving her to do it alone, and returning to see if it was done well, commending and encouraging as opportunity offered, proving beyond a doubt, contrary to the oft-repeated assertions of the mas-

ters and mistresses of the South, that there is no means like patience and kindness to make a good servant; for Lila, after she had been with my friend about a year and a half, was the praise of all the neighborhood; nobody's cook was so good, nobody's clothes washed so nicely, or their ruffles plaited so neatly, nobody's waiter so civil to strangers, nobody's servant so trustworthy and watchful for her mistress' interest, so careful and faithful in every particular, or so desirous to please, so patient and obliging, or so intelligent and ingenious. Every body wished they could have such a servant as Lila, and twenty dollars a month would have been readily given, but Lila choose to stay with Miss Y——, and by some means succeeded in doing so. She was a treasure to her, and a real attachment subsisted between them, as many incidents proved.

Lila was one day heard to swear, her mistress called her to her, and talked seriously yet mildly, of the wickedness of swearing. As the tears ran down her cheeks, she answered, "I wont do so again, no I wont, me forget, me forget, me no want to grieve Misse Y——" Lila was very religious, but her religion, like that of most of the slaves, was a compound of superstition and terror. On Palm Sunday we went to the catholic church, and branches of the Palm were scattered among the congregation; I received one with the rest; I brought it home, Lila said that would keep the witches off." I laughed and hung it up in my room, Lila saw it, and with real concern, asked Miss Y—— if I believed in it, or did it for sport, saying she did not like to have any body make fun of her religion. With true kindness my friend regarded the feelings of the servant as she would her own, and I was requested to take it down, which I willingly did. She was a Catholic, for she had been brought up so, but she regularly said the prayers taught her by her new mistress.

After the death of a young lady in the family, who was greatly beloved, Lila shut and locked the piano on which she had been accustomed to play; after a few days it was

opened and played upon by some one; as soon as they left, Lila again shut and locked it: continuing to find it open, she one day went to Miss Y—— with terror in her looks, and asked her to lock it, "Miss E—— die, and they play on her piano!" she said. Lila with some difficulty succeeded in making us understand that it was the custom among the French, to close the piano belonging to a deceased relative, until the expiration of a year. Another time I was sick, and she was requested to make a dish of water-gruel for me; she refused, which was an unusual thing, and for a long time we could not understand the reason of her unwillingness; at last she replied, "I make that for Miss E—— and she die, no, no, me no make that for you!" these incidents illustrate the affectionate and kind disposition of Lila, as well as her superstition. When she came to live with Miss Y—— she could not speak a word of English, but by patience and perseverance, she had been taught so that she could generally be understood without difficulty.

Having thus interested you a little in Lila's character, you will not wonder that every member of the family loved her, and loved to talk with her, and you will be in some measure prepared to appreciate my feelings at the relation of the following incident.

One day conversing with my friend, I asked why Lila loved her so much. "Let me tell you her story," said she, "that will be the best answer to your question."

"When she came to live with me, she had one child, a little boy, whom she seemed to love, just as a white mother would love her child; every sweetmeat or cake she could obtain, every trinket that was given her, were all saved carefully to carry to her child. She visited him once every month, on a Saturday night, and he visited her at intervals during the month. One night after her return from her master's we heard terrible noises in the yard, and on searching for the cause, found Lila beating her breast, and tearing her hair, and uttering the most hideous yells, after the manner of the French, at the death of a near relative. As soon as she saw me, she

screamed, "My child, my child, my master's killed my child; oh, my child is killed, and my master's killed it," and burst again into an agony of screaming, tearing her hair and her clothes, and throwing dirt into the air. We repeatedly entreated her to tell us what she meant, and how it had happened; she again exclaimed, "My boy, oh my boy, my master's killed my boy, my child, my child, oh my child," and screamed and fainted; we got her into the kitchen, laid her on a bed, and towards midnight succeeded in quieting her so that we learned the story. Her master had set the child to work in the field, it was the first time, it did not work fast enough, or did not suit him in some way, so in a fit of passion he took a club, and beat it on the head. It crawled a little way, laid its head upon a stone, and died———!! "Oh my child," she again cried, "my master knew that little thing could not work, only seven years old! he knew better than to put him to work, oh my boy." Again came on a fit of phrenzical agony, and a brain fever was the result.

"In the delirium of her fever, she would spring from her bed, run into the yard, tear her hair, and bite the ground, screaming in the most heartrending manner, "oh my boy, my boy," while terror marked every feature of her countenance.

She recovered——-,after nearly two weeks of intense suffering in body and mind, during which time I nursed her day and night. Oh, it would have melted a heart of stone, to have stood over her, as I did, and witnessed her agony, knowing all the time what had caused it; and I must keep all my feelings smothered for fear of the people around me I dared not even make a remark, oh, it was dreadful to endure.

At the end of the month, I paid her full wages, for I feared it would excite the anger of her master by which she would suffer, if she carried him less than the accustomed sum. She brought me back *five dollars*, which she had persuaded the miserly Frenchman to throw in. "I tell him, I no work for you, I sick, and you take care of me, and he have the money, no, no!"

"Do you wonder now, why Lila and I love each other?" said my friend, as she closed the thrilling narrative.

Look at the tender gratitude manifested by this poor slave; as she so successfully appealed to the hard heart of her master, as to affect his pocket, and cause him (to quiet his conscience, probably) to return a part of her wages, wrongfully as was any of it taken; see her continually showing by every little contrivance, that ingenuity and affection could suggest her grateful love, see her sharing with her mistress every trifle that pleased her. Look at the substantial proofs of her affection in the watchful care she took of every thing in the house, and then reflect on her intense love for her child, and her suffering in consequence, and then answer the question, "Can slaves feel?"

Lila continued with Miss. Y——— another year, during which time she often asked her to buy her. She would gladly have done so, for the purpose of making her free, for she felt that Lila had too much reason to fear being torn from her and sent among strangers, to suffer coldness and scorn, and severity, rendered more keen by the kindness and affection she had experienced, and as she increased in value, the possibility of separation became more probable, and such a prospect became more painful, as she increased in affection.

Miss. Y——— could not raise the money, and while she waited in hope of doing so, the master became embarrassed in his business, and Lila having become so valuable and so well known that she found a ready purchaser and commanded a high price; she must be sacrificed, that he may have the money paid for her; a second time must she be separated from the only being she loved on earth, afresh must be torn open the wound beginning to heal, a second time must the tenderest ties of affection be sundered by the same cruel hand, and not in a fit of passion as before, but with cool deliberation, for money; but ah! who stops to regard the feelings of a slave? Poor Lila is *a slave!* oh, how much is compre-

hended in that one short word, and what volumes of misery does it speak to those who know what slavery is. Poor Lila; with tears and cries, she was torn away from her only friend, borne to New Orleans, and we have never heard of her more.

Reader! what will you do to help in overthrowing slavery?

Narrative of Nehemiah Caulkins.

Continued from Vol. 1.

The allowance of clothing on this plantation to each slave, was given out at Christmas for the year, and consisted of one pair of coarse shoes, and enough coarse cloth to make a jacket and trowsers. If the man has a wife, she makes it up; if not, it is made up in the house. The slaves on this plantation, being near Wilmington, procured themselves extra clothing by working Sundays and moonlight nights, cutting cord-wood in the swamps, which they had to back about a quarter of a mile to the river; they would then get a permit from their master, and taking the wood in their canoes, carry it to Wilmington, and sell it to the vessels, or dispose of it as they best could, and with the money buy an old jacket of the sailors, some coarse cloth for a shirt, &c. They sometimes gather the moss from the trees, which they cleanse and take to market. The women receive their allowance of the same kind of cloth which the men have. This they make into a frock; if they have any under garment *they must procure them for themselves.* When the slaves get a permit to leave the plantation, they sometimes make all ring again by singing the following significant ditty, which shows that after all there is a flow of spirits in the human breast which for a while, at least, enables them to forget their wretchedness.

Hurra, for good ole Massa,
He giv me de pass to go to de city
Hurra, for good ole Missis,
She bile de pot, and giv me de licker,
Hurra, I'm goin to de city

Every Saturday night the slaves receive their allowance of provisions, which must last them till the next Saturday night. "Potatoe time," as it is called, begins about the middle of July. The slave may measure for himself, the overseer, being present, half a bushel of sweet potatoes, and heap the measure as long as they will lie on; I have, however, seen the overseer, if he think the negro is getting too many, kick the measure; and if any fall off, tell him he has got his measure. No salt is furnished them to eat with their potatoes. When rice or corn is given, they give them a little salt; sometimes half a pint of molasses is given, but not often. The quantity of rice, which is of the small, broken, unsaleable kind, is one peck. When corn is given to them, their allowance is the same, and if they get it ground, (Mr. Swan had a mill on his plantation,) they must give one quart for grinding, thus reducing their weekly allowance to seven quarts. When fish (mullet) were plenty, they were allowed, in addition, one fish. As to meat, they seldom had any. I do not think they had an allowance of meat oftener than once in two or three months, and then the quantity was very small. When they went into the field to work, they took some of the meal or rice and a pot with them; the pots were given to an old woman, who placed two poles parallel, set the pots on them, and kindled a fire underneath for cooking; she took salt with her and seasoned the messes as she thought proper. When their breakfast was ready, which was generally about ten or eleven o'clock, they were called from labor, ate, and returned to work; in the afternoon, dinner was prepared in the same way. They had but two meals a day while in the field; if they wanted more, they cooked for themselves after they returned to their quarters at night. At the time of killing hogs on the plantation, the pluck, entrails, and blood were given to the slaves.

When I first went upon Mr. Swan's plantation, I saw a slave in shackles or fetters, which were fastened around each ankle and firmly rivited, connected together by a

chain. To the middle of this chain he had fastened a string, so as in a manner to suspend them and keep them from galling his ankles. This slave, whose name was Frank, was an intelligent, good looking man, and a very good mechanic. There was nothing vicious in his character, but he was one of those high-spirited and daring men, that whips, chains, fetters, and all the means of cruelty in the power of slavery, could not subdue. Mr. S. had employed a Mr. Beckwith to repair a boat, and told him Frank was a good mechanic, and he might have his services. Frank was sent for, his *skackles still on.* Mr. Beckwith set him to work making *trunnels*, &c. I was employed in putting up a building, and after Mr. Beckwith had done with Frank, he was sent for to assist me. Mr. Swan sent him to a blacksmith's shop and had his shackles cut off with a cold chisel. Frank was afterwards sold to a cotton planter.

I will relate one circumstance, which shows the little regard that is paid to the feelings of the slave. During the time that Mr. Isaiah Rogers was superintending the building of a rice machine, one of the slaves complained of a severe toothache. Swan asked Mr. Rogers to take his hammer and *knock out the tooth.*

There was a slave on the plantation named Ben, a waiting man. I occupied a room in the same hut, and had frequent conversations with him. Ben was a kind-hearted man, and, I believe a Christian ; he would always ask a blessing before he sat down to eat, and was in the constant practice of praying morning and night.—One day when I was at the hut, Ben was sent for to go to the house. Ben sighed deeply and went. He soon returned with a girl about seventeen years of age, whom one of Mr. Swan's daughters had ordered him to flog. He bronght her into the room where I was, and told her to stand there while he went into the next room : I heard him groan again as he went. While there I heard his voice, and he was engaged in prayer. After a few minutes he returned with a large cow-hide, and stood before the girl without saying a word. I concluded he wished

me to leave the hut, which I did ; and immediately after I heard the girl scream. At every blow she would shriek, "Do, Ben ! oh do, Ben !" This is a common expression of the slaves to the person whipping them : "Do, Massa !" or, "Do, Missus !"

After she had gone, I asked Ben what she was whipped for : he told me she had done something to displease her young missus ; and in boxing her ears, and otherwise beating her, she had scratched her finger by a pin in the girl's dress, for which she sent her to be flogged. I asked him if he stripped her before flogging ; he said, yes ; he did not like to do this, but was *obliged* to : he said he was once ordered to whip a woman, which he did without stripping her : on her return to the house, her mistress examined her back ; and not seeing any marks, he was sent for, and asked why he had not whipped her : he replied that he had ; she said she saw no marks, and asked him if he had made her pull her clothes off ; he said, No. She then told him, that when he whipped any more of the women, he must make them strip off their clothes, as well as the men, and flog them on their bare backs, or he should be flogged himself.

Ben often appeared very gloomy and sad : I have frequently heard him, when in his room, mourning over his condition, and exclaim, "Poor African slave ! Poor African slave !" Whipping was so common an occurrence on this plantation, that it would be too great a repetition to state the *many* and *severe* floggings I have seen inflicted on the slaves. They were flogged for not performing their tasks, for being careless, slow, or not in time, for going to the fire to warm, &c. &c. ; and it often seemed as if occasions were sought as an excuse for punishing them.

On one occasion, I heard the overseer charge the hands to be at a certain place the next morning at sunrise. I was present in the morning, in company with my brother, when the hands arrived. Joe, the slave already spoken of, came running, all out of breath, about five minutes behind the time, when, without asking any

questions, the overseer told him to take off his jacket. Joe took off his jacket. He had on a piece of a shirt; he told him to take it off: Joe took it off: he then whipped him with a heavy cow-hide full six feet long. At every stroke Joe would spring from the ground, and scream, "O my God! Do Massa Galloway!" My brother was so exasperated, that he turned to me and said, "If I were Joe, I would kill the overseer if I knew I should be shot the next minute."

In the winter the horn blew at about four in the morning, and all the threshers were required to be at the threshing floor in fifteen minutes after. They had to go about a quarter of a mile from their quarters. Galloway would stand near the entrance, and all who did not come in time would get a blow over the back or head as heavy as he could strike. I have seen him, at such times, follow after them, striking furiously a number of blows, and every one followed by their screams. I have seen the women go to their work after such a flogging, crying and taking on most piteously.

It is almost impossible to believe that human nature can endure such hardships and sufferings as the slaves have to go through: I have seen them driven into a ditch in a rice swamp to bail out the water, in order to put down a flood-gate, when they had to break the ice, and there stand in the water among the ice until it was bailed out. I have *often* known the hands to be taken from the field, sent down the river in flats or boats to Wilmington, absent from twenty-four to thirty hours, *without any thing to eat*, no provision being made for these occasions.

Galloway kept medicine on hand, that in case any of the slaves were sick, he could give it to them without sending for the physician; but he always kept a good look out that they did not sham sickness. When any of them excited his suspicions, he would make them take the medicine in his presence, and would give them a rap on the top of the head to make them swallow it. A man once came to him, of whom he said he was suspicious;

he gave him two portions of salts, and fastened him in the stocks for the night. His medicine soon began to operate; and *there he lay in all his filth until he was taken out the next day.*

One day, Mr. Swan beat a slave severely, for alleged carelessness in letting a boat get adrift. The slave was told to secure the boat: whether he took sufficient means for this purpose I do not know; he was not allowed to make any defence. Mr. Swan called him up, and asked why he did not secure the boat; he pulled off his hat and began to tell his story. Swan told him he was a damned liar, and commenced beating him over the head with a hickory cane, and the slave retreated backwards: Swan followed him about two rods, threshing him over the head with the hickory as he went.

As I was one day standing near some slaves who were threshing, the driver, thinking one of the women did not use her flail quick enough, struck her over the head: the end of the whip hit her in the eye. I thought at the time he had put it out; but, after poulticing and doctoring for some days, she recovered. Speaking to him about it, he said that he once struck a slave so as to put one of her eyes entirely out.

A patrol is kept upon each estate, and every slave found off the plantation without a pass is whipped on the spot. I knew a slave who started without a pass, one night, for a neighboring plantation, to see his wife; he was caught, tied to a tree, and flogged. He stated his business so the patrol, who was well acquainted with him, but all to no purpose. I spoke to the patrol about it afterwards; he said he knew the negro, that he was a very clever fellow, but he had to whip him; for, if he let him pass, he must another, &c. He stated that he had sometimes caught and flogged four in a night.

In conversation with Mr. Swan about runaway slaves, he stated to me the following fact:—A slave, by the name of Luke, was owned in Wilmington; he was sold to a speculator and carried to Georgia. After an absence of about two months the slave returned; he watched an op-

portunity to enter his old master's house when the family were absent, no one being at home but a young waiting man. Luke went to the room where his master kept his arms; took his gun, with some ammunition, and went into the woods. On the return of his master, the waiting man told him what had been done: this threw him into a violent passion; he swore he would kill Luke, or lose his own life. He loaded another gun, took two men, and made search, but could not find him; he then advertised him, offering a large reward if delivered to him or lodged in jail. His neighbors, however, advised him to offer a reward of two hundred dollars for him *dead or alive*, which he did. Nothing however was heard of him for some months. Mr. Swan said, one of his slaves ran away, and was gone eight or ten weeks; on his return he said he had found Luke, and that he had a rifle, two pistols, and a sword.

I left the plantation in the spring, and returned to the north; when I went out again, the next fall, I asked Mr. Swan if any thing had been heard of Luke; he said he was *shot*, and related to me the manner of his death, as follows:—Luke went to one of the plantations, and entered a hut for something to eat. Being fatigued, he sat down and fell asleep.

To be Continued

To Subscribers.—We have delayed to send out the January number of the Offering to give our friends an opportunity to send in their subscriptions that we might know how large an edition would be required. We now send out both the January and February Numbers together. Hereafter it will regularly appear by the 13th of each succeeding month.

MONTHLY OFFERING.

—FEBRUARY—

Our Cause.—The Tenth Annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society was held in this city on the 27th and 28th of January. They were, by far, the largest and most enthusiastic Anti-Slavery meetings ever held in this State. A most numerous delegation from all parts of this Commonwealth were in attendance. Many distinguished individuals from other States were present and contributed not a little to heighten the interest of its proceedings.

On the evening of the second day of the meetings, the Society adjourned to the Representatives Hall, in the State-House. Before the hour of the meeting had arrived, the Hall was crowded to a jam. Hundreds, during the evening, sought admission, but in vain. Space will not allow us to go into details. It is only necessary to add that the meeting was eloquently addressed for more than three hours by Wendell Phillips, George Bradburn, C. L. Remond, a colored man, N. P. Rogers, Frederick Douglass, a fugitive from Slavery, Col. J. P. Miller, of Vermont, J. C. Fuller, of New York, and Wm. L. Garrison. Their speeches were constantly interrupted by bursts of applause. Strong resolutions in relation to Slavery and the general policy of our country, and also with respect to the course pursued by the church were unanimously adopted. Fanieul Hall, the old Cradle of Liberty, capable of holding FIVE THOUSAND, was granted for an anti-slavery meeting by the city au-

thorities for Friday evening. The Hall was crowded. Wm. L. Garrison was called to the chair.

This was as it should be. We have no fear but the present generation, even, will do him justice as regards the wonderful influence he has exerted for the abolition of slavery. More than TWO THOUSAND IRISHMEN were present. They came to listen to the thunder peals of the great Irish Liberator, Daniel O'Connell, and Father Matthew, the great apostle of Temperance, and SIXTY THOUSAND of their own countrymen in Ireland, calling upon the Irish in this country to discountenance slavery and to give their united influence for its immediate abolition. They were addressed by several of our most eloquent speakers, whose remarks were so responded to by the immense multitude that the walls of the "old Cradle" were made to tremble.

These meetings have carried terror into the South, and greatly excited the ire and the fears of our politicians. It is no marvel that it should, for in such numerous and spirited gatherings, slavery sees its destiny written as with a pen of fire. We have not room to give a skeleton even of these most interesting meetings. Those who wish to know more of our proceedings must subscribe for the Liberator, where a full history of what is going on, as relates to slavery and anti-slavery, may be found.

Slavery.

BY R. HILDRETH.

1. *Its Origin.* The relation of master and slave, like most other kinds of despotism, has its origin in war. By the confession of its warmest defenders, slavery is at best, but a substitute for homicide.

Savages take no prisoners, or those they do take, they first torture, and then devour. But when the arts of life have made some progress, and the value of labor begins to be understood, it is presently discovered that to eat prisoners, is not the most profitable use to which they can be put. Accordingly their lives are spared ; and they are compelled to labor for the benefit of their captors. Such is the origin of slavery.

It was formerly a practice in America to sell as slaves, such Indian prisoners as were captured during the frequent wars waged with the aboriginal inhabitants. But the great mass of those unfortunate persons held in servitude throughout the Southern States, derive their origin from another source.

A Virginian planter deduces the legitimacy of his dominion by the following process. Your great-grand-mother being captured by a certain African prince,—in a war, undertaken, doubtless, for the mere purpose of making prisoners,—was sold upon the coast of Guinea to a certain Yankee slave-trader ; and being transported by him to James River, was there sold to a certain tobacco planter. In time, your great-grand-mother died ; but she left children, to which as a part of her produce, the owner of the mother was justly entitled. From that owner, through divers alienations and descents, the title has passed to me ; and as you are descended from the woman above referred to, it is quite clear how perfectly reasonable and just my empire is.

Whether in point of logic and morals, the above deduction is completely satisfactory, is not now the question. The nature of the master's claim is stated here, only as an assistance towards obtaining a clearer apprehension of the relations which must grow out of it.

2. *General Idea of a Slave-holding Community.* Slavery then is a continuation of the state of war. It is true that one of the combattants is subdued and bound ; but the war is not terminated. If I do not put the captive to death, this apparent clemency does not arise from any good will towards him, or any extinction on my part of

hostile feelings and intentions. I spare his life merely because I expect to be able to put him to a use more advantageous to myself. And if the captive, on the other hand, feigns submission, still he is only watching for an opportunity to escape my grasp, and if possible to inflict upon me evils as great as those to which I have subjected him.

War is justly regarded, and with the progress of civilization it comes every day more and more to be regarded, as the very greatest of social calamities. The introduction of slavery into a community, amounts to an eternal protraction of that calamity, and a universal diffusion of it through the whole mass of society, and that, too, in its most ferocious form.

When a country is invaded by a hostile army, within the immediate neighborhood of the camp, it becomes impossible to make any effectual resistance. However fierce may be the hate with which they look upon the invaders, the inhabitants within the range of their scouting parties are obliged to submit. They are made to furnish wood, forage and provisions ; they are forced to toil in the entrenchment of the camp ; their houses are liable to be ransacked and plundered, and their women to be subjected to the lusts of the soldiers. Upon certain emergencies, the ablest bodied among them will be armed, surrounded by foreign squadrons, and obliged to fight against their own countrymen. But though plundered without mercy, and liable to the most frightful injuries, yet as their services are valuable, and even necessary to the invaders, they must be allowed to retain the means of sustaining existence ; and if under all the discouragements to which they are subjected, they neglect or refuse to cultivate their fields, they must be driven to work at the point of the bayonet, lest the invaders might suffer from their negligence, and fall short of forage and provisions.

Now every plantation in the slave states is to be looked upon as the seat of a little camp, which overawes and keeps in subjection the surrounding peasantry. The ma s-

ter claims and exercises over his slaves all the rights of war above described, and others yet more terrible. Consider too that this infliction is not limited to a single neighborhood, as in the case of an invading army, but is scattered and diffused over the whole extent of the country ; nor is it temporary, as in the other case, but constant and perpetual. It is by taking a view like this, that we are enabled to form a primary, general, outline idea of the social condition of a slave-holding community.

3. *The Empire claimed by the Master.* The relation of master and slave, as we may conclude from the foregoing statements, is a relation purely of force and terror. Its only sanction is the power of the master ; its best security, the fears of the slave. It bears no resemblance to any thing like a social compact. Mutual interest, faith, truth, honesty, duty, affection, good will, are not included, in any form whatever, under this relation.

But let us descend somewhat into particulars, and inquire more specifically, what is the nature of the empire claimed by the master.

That empire is the most absolute and comprehensive which it is possible to imagine. The master considers his slaves as existing solely for his benefit. He has purchased, and he possesses them for his own sake, not for theirs. His sole object is to obtain the greatest possible profit out of them.

Perhaps to obtain this greatest profit, it may be necessary to feed them plentifully, and clothe them well, and to allow them certain intervals of rest, and other like indulgences. If the master is of that opinion, he acts accordingly. But in so acting he merely pursues his own advantage. If he adopted the contrary opinion, if he imagines that he can save more by retrenchment than he can make by outlay, in that case he cuts down the allowance of rest, food, and clothing, and endeavors to supply the deficiency by the stimulus of the lash. It is a mere matter of calculation either way ; not a question of morals, but a mere problem of domestic economy. The

slaves are not thought of as sentient beings, but as machines to be kept in profitable operations.

One who visits a slave-holding community, for the first time, if he have any feelings of humanity and any spirit of observation, is puzzled and shocked, by what appears to him a series of distressing incongruities. Men who in their relations towards those whom they acknowledge as fellow citizens, fulfill with promptitude and exactness all the duties of benevolence and justice, in their conduct towards their slaves, often seem destitute of all human sympathies.

This course of action results from the very position of a master ; and men naturally of the most benevolent dispositions, become reconciled to it by force of custom and education. The soldier, frank, generous, warm-hearted, ready to share his last dollar with his comrade, from the moment he enters an enemy's country becomes a violent, fierce, and brutal robber, who plunders, whenever he has opportunity, without hesitation or remorse.

It is exactly so with the master of slaves. His conduct towards his fellow-citizens, and towards his servants, is regulated by rules and considerations totally distinct. In making this distinction, he is supported by the laws of the land, and the dogmas of the church ; upheld by the example and countenance of his friends and neighbors ; and encouraged by the approbation, open or implied, of all the world. If nobody finds fault with his conduct, why should he think of changing it ? Why relinquish a lordship and a revenue, which every body tells him he does right to retain ?

The value of this lordship, and the amount of this revenue, would be nothing at all, if instead of looking steadfastly, and with a single eye, to his own interest, the master should trouble himself about the well-being of his slaves. Their well-being evidently requires the liberty on their part of pursuing their own happiness, according to their own notions of it ; and it clearly demands the disposal at their pleasure of the entire fruits of their own labor. That is, it requires the complete cessation of the

master's empire. But it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time ; so that whoever wishes to retain the character of a master, and to exercise the prerogatives which that character confirms and implies, is driven, by an invincible necessity, to disregard the well-being of his slaves, and to consider solely his own profit. Whether indeed that profit is best promoted by retaining the character of master at all ; whether the master's interest, upon a full and comprehensive view of it, might not best be advanced by ceasing to be a master, is a question not now under discussion.

But in communities where all are free, how many are there, who regard any interest except their own ? And wherein is the particular evil of slavery in this respect ?

The peculiar evil of slavery consists in the very fact, that the slaves do not stand in this particular on a level with other men ; they are not allowed to pursue their own interest. Not only is the well-being of the slaves disregarded by the masters, it is deliberately sacrificed. Left to themselves, like other men, they would pursue their own happiness, with success, less or greater. But their own happiness is a thing they are not suffered to pursue ; and if yielding to the instinctive impulses of nature, they make the attempt, they are thwarted and driven back at every turn. Their own comfort or pleasure is a thing they are not allowed to think of at all ; or to think of only at the risk of the lash.

In free communities, selfishness itself is enlisted into the service of benevolence. In order to obtain favors, it is necessary to confer them. Mutual services are secured by the attraction of mutual interest. But mutuality is a thing which slavery knows not. The master does not say, "Work for me, and I will give you in return wherewith to feed and clothe yourself and family." "Work for me," he says, "or I will torture you with the lash !" If the master supplies the slave with food and clothes, he does not do it by way of compensation for labor. It is a necessary expenditure, grudgingly laid

out, in order to keep these human machines in motion. So far from being in the nature of a bargain or contract, slavery is nothing but violence upon one side, and compulsive obedience upon the other.

To be Continued

Testimony of Angelina Grimke Weld.

Mrs. Weld is the youngest daughter of the late Judge Grimke, of the Supreme court of South Carolina, sister of the late Hon. Thomas S. Grimke, of Charleston, and now the wife of Theodore D. Weld. This testimony is peculiarly valuable inasmuch as it comes from one who was reared in the midst of Slavery and who is now an exile among strangers.

"I think it important to premise, that I have seen almost nothing of slavery on *plantations*. My testimony will have respect exclusively to the treatment of "*house-servants*," and chiefly those belonging to the first families in the city of Charleston, both in the religious and in the fashionable world. And here let me say, that the treatment of *plantation* slaves cannot be fully known, except by the poor sufferers themselves, and their drivers and overseers. In a multitude of instances, even the master can know very little of the actual condition of his own field-slaves, and his wife and daughters far less. A few facts concerning my own family will show this. Our permanent residence was in Charleston; our country-seat (Bellemont,) was 200 miles distant, in the north-western part of the state; where, for some years, our family spent a few months annually. Our *plantation* was three miles from this family mansion. There, all the field-slaves lived and worked. Occasionally, once a month, perhaps, some of the family would ride over to the plantation, but I never visited the *fields where the slaves were at work*, and knew almost nothing of their condition; but this I do know, that the overseers who had charge of them, were generally unprincipled and

intemperate men. But I rejoice to know, that the general treatment of slaves in that region of country, was far milder than on the plantations in the lower country.

I saw *nothing* of slavery in its most vulgar and repulsive forms. I saw it in the *city*, among the fashionable and the honorable, where it was garnished by refinement, and decked out for show. A few *facts* will unfold the state of society in the circle with which I was familiar, far better than any general assertions I can make.

I will first introduce the reader to a woman of the highest respectability—one who was foremost in every benevolent enterprise, and stood for many years, I may say, at the *head* of the fashionable elite of the city of Charleston, and afterwards at the head of the moral and religious female society there. It was after she had made a profession of religion, and retired from the fashionable world, that I knew her; therefore I will present her in her religious character. This lady used to keep cow-hides, or small paddles, (called pancake sticks,) in four different apartments in her house; so that when she wished to punish, or to have punished, any of her slaves, she might not have the trouble of sending for an instrument of torture.

For many years, one or other, and *often* more of her slaves, were flogged *every day ;* particularly the young slaves about the house, whose faces were slapped, or their hands beat with the "pancake stick," for every trifling offence—and often for no fault at all. But the floggings were not all ; the scoldings and abuse daily heaped upon them all, were worse : "fools" and "liars," "sluts" and "husseys," "hypocrites" and "good-for-nothing creatures," were the *common* epithets with which her mouth was filled, when addressing her slaves, adults as well as children. Very often she would take a position at her window, in an upper story, and scold at her slaves while working in the garden, at some distance from the house, (a large yard intervening,) and occasionally order a flogging. I have known her thus on the watch, scolding for more than an hour at a time, in so

loud a voice that the whole neighborhood could hear her ; and this without the least apparent feeling of shame. Indeed, it was *no disgrace among slave-holders*, and did not in the least injure her standing, either as a lady or a Christian, in the aristocratic circle in which she moved. After the "revival" in Charlestown, in 1825, she opened her house to social prayer-meetings. The room in which they were held in the evening, and where the voice of prayer was heard around the family altar, and where she herself retired for private devotion thrice each day, was the very place in which, when her slaves were to be whipped with the cowhide, they were taken to receive the infliction ; and the wail of the sufferer would be heard, where, perhaps only a few hours previous, rose the voices of prayer and praise. This mistress would occasionally send her slaves, male and female, to the Charlestown work-house to be punished. One poor girl whom she sent there to be flogged, and who was accordingly stripped *naked* and whipped, showed me the deep gashes on her back—I might have laid my whole finger in them —*large pieces of flesh had actually been cut out by the torturing lash.* She sent another female slave there, to be imprisoned and worked on the tread-mill. This girl was confined several days, and forced to work the mill while in a state of suffering from another cause. For ten days or two weeks after her return, she was lame, from the violent exertion necessary to enable her to keep the step on the machine. She spoke to me with intense feeling of this outrage upon her, as a *woman.* Her men-servants were sometimes flogged there; and so exceedingly offensive has been the putrid flesh of their lacerated backs, for days after the infliction, that they would be kept out of the house—the smell arising from their wounds being too horrible to be endured. They were always stiff and sore for some days, and not in a condition to be seen by visitors.

This professedly Christian woman was a most awful illustration of the ruinous influence of arbitrary power upon the temper—her bursts of passion over the heads of

her victims were dreaded even by her own children, and very often all the pleasures of social intercourse around the domestic board, was destroyed by her ordering the cook into her presence, and storming at him, when the dinner or breakfast was not prepared to her taste, and in the presence of all her children, commanding the waiter to slap his face. *Fault-finding*, was with her the constant accompaniment of every meal, and banished that peace which should hover around the social board, and smile on every face. It was common for her to order brothers to whip their own sisters, and sisters their own brothers, and yet no woman visited among the poor more than she did, or gave more liberally to relieve their wants. This may seeem perfectly unaccountable to a northerner, but these seeming contradictions vanish when we consider that over *them* she possessed no arbitrary power, they were always presented to her mind as unfortunate sufferers, towards whom her sympaties most freely flowed; she was ever ready to wipe the tears from *their* eyes, and open wide her purse to *their* relief, but the others were her *vassals*, thrust down by public opinion beneath her feet, to be at her beck and call, ever ready to serve in all humility, her, whom God in his providence had set over them—it was their *duty* to abide in abject submission, and hers to *compel* them to do so—*it was thus that she reasoned.* Except at family prayers, none were permitted to *sit* in her presence, but the seamstresses and waiting maids, and they, however delicate might be their circumstances, were forced to sit upon low stools, without backs, that they might be constantly reminded of their inferiority. A slave who waited in the house, was guilty on a particular occasion of going to visit his wife, and kept dinner waiting a little, (his wife was the slave of a lady who lived at a little distance.) When the family sat down to the table, the mistress began to scold the waiter for the offence—he attempted to excuse himself—she ordered him to hold his tongue—he ventured another apology; her son then rose from the table in a rage, and beat the face and ears of the waiter so dreadfully

that the blood gushed from his mouth, and nose, and ears. This mistress was *a professor of religion ;* her daughter who related the circumstance, was a *fellow member* of the Presbyterian church *with the poor outraged slave*—instead of feeling indignation at this outrageous abuse of her brother in the church, she justified the deed, and said "he got just what he deserved." I solemnly believe this to be a true picture of *slaveholding Religion.*

Narrative of Nehemiah Caulkins.

Continued from page 16.

There was only a woman in the hut at the time; as soon as she found he was asleep, she ran and told her master, who took his rifle, and called two white men on another plantation: the three, with their rifles, then went to the hut, and posted themselves in different positions, so that they could watch the door. When Luke walked up he went to the door to look out, and saw them with their rifles, he stepped back and raised his gun to his face. They called to him to surrender; and stated that they had him in their power, and said he had better give up. He said he would not: and if they tried to take him, he would kill one of them; for, if he gave up, he knew they would kill him, and he was determined to sell his life as dear as he could. They told him, if he should shoot one of them, the other two would certainly kill him: he replied, he was determined not to give up, and kept his gun moving from one to the other; and while his rifle was turned toward one, another, standing in a different direction, shot him through the head, and he fell lifeless to the ground.

There was another slave shot while I was there ; this man had run away, and had been living in the woods a long time, and it was not known where he was, till one day he was discovered by two men, who went on the large island near Belvidere to hunt turkeys ; they shot him and carried his head home.

It is common to keep dogs on the plantations, to pursue and catch ranaway slaves. I was once bitten by one of them. I went to the overseer's house, the dog lay in the piazza, as soon as I put my foot upon the floor, he sprang and bit me just above the knee, but not severely ; he tore my pantaloons badly. The overseer apologized for his dog, saying he never knew him to bite a *white* man before. He said he once had a dog, when he lived on another plantation, that was very useful to him in hunting runaway negroes. He said that a slave on the plantation once ran away ; as soon as he found the course he took, he put the dog on the track, he soon came so close to him that the man had to climb a tree ; he followed with his gun, and brought the slave home.

The slaves have a great dread of being sold and carried south. It is generally said, and I have no doubt of its truth, that they are much worse treated farther south.

The following are a few among the many facts related to me while I lived among the slaveholder. The names of the planters and plantations, I shall not give, *as they did not come under my own observation.* I however place the fullest confidence in their truth.

A planter not far from Mr. Swan's employed an overseer to whom he paid 400 a year ; he became dissatisfied with him, because he did not drive the slaves hard enough, and get more work out of them. He therefore sent to South Corolina, or Georgia, and got a man to whom he paid I believe 800 a year. He proved to be a cruel fellow, and drove the slaves almost to death. There was a slave on this plantation, who had repeatedly runaway, and had been severely flogged every time. The last time he was caught, a hole was dug in the ground, and he buried up to the chin, his arms being secured down by his sides. He was kept in this situation four or five days.

The following was told me by an intimate friend ; it took place on a plantation containing about one hundred slaves. One day the owner ordered the women into the barn, he then went in among them, whip in hand, and

told them he meant to flog them all to death ; they began immediately to cry out "What have I done, Massa ?" What have I done Massa ?" He replied ; "D—n you, I will let you know what you have done, you don't breed, I haven't had a young one from one of you for several months." They told him they could not breed while they had to work in the rice ditches. (The rice grounds are low and marshy, and have to be drained, and while digging or clearing the ditches, the women had to work in mud and water from one to two feet in depth ; they were obliged to draw up and secure their frocks about their waist, to keep them out of the water, in this manner they had frequently to work from daylight in the morning till it was so dark they could see no longer.) After swearing and threatening for some time, he told them to tell the overseer's wife, when they got in that way, and he would put them them upon the land to work.

This same planter had a female slave who was a member of the Methodist Church ; for a slave she was intelligent and conscientious. He proposed a criminal intercourse with her. She would not comply. He left her and sent for the overseer, and told him to have her flogged. It was done. Not long after, he renewed his proposal. She again refused. She was again whipped. He then told her why she had been twice flogged, and told her he intended to whip her till she should yield. The girl seeing that her case was hopeless, her back smarting with the scourging she had received, and dreading a repetition, gave herself up to be the victim of his brutal lusts.

One of the slaves on another plantation, gave birth to a child which lived but two or three weeks. After its death the planter called the woman to him, and asked her how she came to let the child die ; said it was all owing to her carelessness, and that he meant to flog her for it. She told him with all the feeling of a mother, the circumstances of its death. But her story availed her nothing against the savage brutality of her master. She

was severely whipped. A healthy child four months old was then considered worth 100 in North Carolina.

The foregoing facts were related to me by white persons of character and respectability. The following fact was related to me on a plantation where I have spent considerable time and where the punishment was inflicted. I have no doubt of its truth. A slave ran away from his master, and got as far as Newbern. He took provisions that lasted him a week; but having eaten all, he went to a house to get something to satisfy his hunger. A white man suspecting him to be a runaway, demanded his pass: as he had none he was seized and put in Newbern jail. He was there advertised, his description given, &c. His master saw the advertisement and sent for him; when he was brought back, his wrists were tied together and drawn over his knees. A stick was then passed over his arms and under his knees, and he secured in this manner, his trowsers were then stripped down, and he turned over on his side, and severely beaten with the paddle, then turned over on the other side, and then turned back again, and tortured by another bruising and beating. He was afterwards kept in the stocks a week, and whipped every morning.

To show the disgusting pollutions of slavery, and how it covers with moral filth every thing it touches, I will state two or three facts, which I have on such evidence I cannot doubt their truth. A planter offered a white man of my acquaintance twenty dollars for every one of his female slaves, whom he would get into the family way. This offer was no doubt made for the purpose of improving the stock, on the same principle that farmers endeavor to improve their cattle by crossing the breed.

Slaves belonging to merchants and others in the city, often hire their own time, for which they pay various prices per week or month, according to the capacity of the slave. The females who thus hire their time, pursue various modes to procure the money; their masters making no inquiry how they get it provided the money comes. If it is not regularly paid they are flogged.

Some take in washing, some cook on board vessels, pick oakum, sell peanuts, &c., while others, younger and more comely, often resort to the vilest pursuits. I knew a man from the north who, though married to a respectable southern woman, kept two of these mulatto girls in an upper room at his store ; his wife told some of her friends that he had not lodged at home for two weeks together, I have seen these two *kept misses*, as they are called, at his store ; he was afterwards stabbed in an attempt to arrest a runaway slave, and died in about ten days.

The clergy at the north cringe beneath the corrupting influence of slavery, and their moral courage is borne down by it. Not the hypocritical and unprincipled alone, but even such as can hardly be supposed to be destitute of sincerity.

Going one morning to the Baptist Sunday school, in Wilmington, in which I was engagəd, I fell in with the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, who was going to the Presbyterian school I asked him how he could bear to see the little negro children beating their hoops, hallooing, and running about the streets, as we then saw them, their moral condition entirely neglected, while the whites were so carefully gathered into the schools. His reply was substantially this :—" I can't bear it, Mr. Caulkins. I feel as deeply as any one can on this subject, but what can I do ? MY HANDS ARE TIED."

Now, if Mr. Hunt was guilty of neglecting his duty, as a servant of HIM who never failed to rebuke sin in high places, what shall be said of those clergymen at the north, where the power that closed his mouth is comparatively unfelt, who refuse to tell their people how God abhors oppression, and who seldom open their mouths on this subject, but to denounce the friends of emancipation, thus giving the strongest support to the accursed system of slavery. I believe Mr. Hunt has since become an agent of the Temperance Society.

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MONTHLY OFFERING.

—MARCH—

Slavery.

BY R. HILDRETH.

4. *Means of enforcing the Master's Empire.* To sustain an empire of the kind above described, it is evident that the most vigorous means must be essential.

The means employed are chiefly three, to wit : *force, fear, fraud;* and according to the different tempers, talents, habits, and notions of the master, one or the other of these three means is made the key of his system.

I. Force. Those masters whose tempers are harsh, violent, and brutal, especially those who have never been softened by education, and who are strangers to the refinements of cultivated life, and others who are endowed with a firm, decided vigor, that moves directly to the point, and by the shortest way, rely principally upon force.

Is the slave late in coming into the field ? Twenty lashes. Is he idle ? Thirty lashes. Does he disobey or neglect an order ? Forty lashes. Does he negligently waste or destroy his master's property ? Fifty lashes. Is he detected in a lie ? Sixty lashes. Is he strongly suspected of theft ? Seventy lashes. Does he say or do any thing that can be construed into insolence ? Eighty lashes. Is he guilty of the slightest act of insubordination ? One hundred lashes. Does he venture to run away ? Let him be pursued by men and dogs, disabled by small shot, and so soon as he is taken, be flogged till he faints, then be worked in chains, locked up every night, and kept on half allowance, till his spirits are broken, and he becomes obedient and *contented.* Should he dare, upon any occasion, to offer any resistance ? Let him be shot, stabbed, beat to the ground with a club; and should he not be killed in the process, as soon as he is so far recovered as to be able to stand, let him be subjected to all the discipline mentioned in the preceding sentence, and in addition, be flogged every night, for thirty days in succession.

Such is a brief specimen of this system of plantation management, which some call cruel, but which those who follow it, merely describe as vigorous and efficient.

II. Fear. But there are many men, naturally soft-hearted, who cannot look without some feelings of sympathetic pain, or at least of instinctive disgust, upon the body of an old man, or a woman perhaps, cut up with the lash, and scored with bloody gashes. The screams and outcries of the victims affect them disagreeably. They lack that harsh, unfeeling vigor, that stern promptitude, tyranny's steadiest and most efficient support. They endeavor to avoid the actual use of the whip, and to govern as far as possible, by the fear of it. They utter most tremendous threats, and strive to supply by bitter and alarming words, the place of action. But words, when they are found to be intended only as scare-crows, soon lose their efficacy. It is therefore necessary to maintain a steady stream, and the master who governs upon this wordy plan, soon comes to keep both himself and his slaves in a constant state of irritation and ill-feeling, by a process of fault-finding, scolding and threats, which becomes a habit, and goes on from morning to night, from day to day, from one year's end to another.

The slaves, who are thus made to feel every moment the weight of tyranny, and the humiliation of servitude, contract towards these snarling masters the sincerest hate; and from hating, being soon satisfied that with all their bluster, they have not the vigor to act up to their threats, they come presently to despise them. Whether they do well or ill, it is much the same, the master scolds on by habit ; but though he scolds, as yet he does not punish; and the bolder among the slaves soon begin to try experiments upon his patience. They are encouraged by the impunity of first transgressions to take greater and greater liberties. Their example finds imitators, till presently the whole plantation falls into a state of idleness and insubordination, which cannot be longer overlooked or endured.

The master must now give up the hope of revenue

from his slaves, or he must re-establish his authority. He begins with moderate whippings. But his first attempts in this way are laughed at, or perhaps resisted. He is alarmed and inflamed. Anger and fear supply a vigor he does not naturally possess. He storms and raves; flogs without mercy; shoots, stabs, chains, imprisons, starves, tortures. His nature seems to be changed, and for a while he acts out the tyrant, in the most vindictive spirit of despotism. The slaves bend and bow beneath this whirlwind of tyranny. The most turbulent and unmanageable,—those of them at least, who have escaped with their lives,—are sent off and sold; and presently things subside into their former state. The master grows ashamed of his violence, and perhaps endures some twinges of remorse; the lash is disused, and the tongue supplies its place. The discipline of the plantation is presently relaxed; the servants become idle and insubordinate as before; but this flattering calm cannot be relied upon; a new storm of tyranny is secretly brewing, which will burst at a moment when it is least expected.

III. Fraud. There are some masters, who pride themselves upon their cunning and superior knowledge of human nature, who make considerable use of fraud, in the management of their slaves; but this is a means employed only occasionally, and of which the efficacy is not great.

One of the most usual applications of it, is the attempt to take advantage of the religious feelings of the slaves, and to impress them with the idea, that obedience, honesty towards their masters, humble submission, and other like plantation virtues, are religious duties, which God commands under the penalty of damnation.

This stratagem is chiefly practiced by slave-holding clergymen and church-members. The religious people of the South have been at the pains of preparing a slave catechism ; in some places they have established slave Sunday schools; and meetings for slave-worship are regularly held. The immediate agents in these proceedings, are generally men of good intentions, but of very feeble

understandings. They are mere tools in the hands of crafty hypocrites. The motive of their labors is doubtless the spiritual welfare of the slaves; but those by whom they are supported and encouraged, however tender a regard they may have for the salvation of their own souls, look upon religion among slaves merely as a means of plantation discipline ; and please themselves with the idea that the more religious their slaves are, the easier they may be managed.

The agents employed in this double service of Christianity and despotism, often succeed in kindling a warm spirit of devotion in the hearts of the slaves ; but they have often occasion to deplore the inconsistency, the back-sliding, the delusion of their converts, who cannot be made to realize in its full extent, the enormous sinfulness of any attempt to elude that tyranny under which Providence requires them patiently, and even joyfully to submit.

Deeply sympathyzing with the sad, and almost angry feelings, with which these pious people are accustomed to lament the small success of their labors, and to accuse that stony-heartedness and inherent depravity which prevents even the converted slaves from attaining to the perfection of humility and obedience, the remark nevertheless may with all due deference, be permitted,—that so long as these pious teachers are able to construe the generous precepts of the gospel into an apology and a justification for tyranny, it cannot be considered very surprising that their pupils among the slaves, should instinctively acquire the art of reconciling with Christian patience and submission, any and every means, whereby they can shake off, alleviate, or elude the usurped authority of their masters.

But this piece of pious fraud is falling into bad odor at the South. It has been found that religion causes an excitement among the slaves, both dangerous and troublesome. The rascals preach and pray when they ought to be working. Besides, that religious enthusiasm, which kindles so readily in the most ignorant as well as the

most cultivated minds, gives rise to a dangerous exaltation of soul which makes the subjects of it obstinate and unmanageable. Religion once awakened in such savage and untaught bosoms, is apt to degenerate into a superstitious fanaticism. The gifted and the artful begin to see visions, and to dream dreams. They are not content with being hearers and pupils, they aspire to be speakers and teachers. In their sermons and exhortations, it is the vices, the luxury, the cruelty, the wickedness of the masters, upon which they principally dwell, and whence they draw examples and illustrations; and who knows but some one more enraptured than the rest, may imagine himself called, like Moses of old, to smite the taskmaster, and to lead forth the oppressed children?

For these reasons, the Bible has been proscribed at the South, as an incendiary publication; a book not fit for slaves to read or hear. In some parts of the country the catechism is looked upon with almost equal suspicion; and many masters forbid their slaves to hear any preacher, black or white, since they consider religion upon a plantation as quite out of place, a thing dangerous to the master's authority, and therefore not to be endured in the slave.

Another stratagem, occasionally employed, when it is desired to stimulate the efforts of the slaves, is the distribution of little prizes among those who accomplish the greatest labor in the shortest time. This contrivance works wonderfully well for a few days; but as soon as it is discovered who are the ablest workmen, the emulation is confined to them, and the greater number, who have no chance to win the prize, presently relapse into their former apathy. Besides, this distribution of prizes, is apt to give rise among the slaves, to the inconvenient notion, that they ought to be paid for working, and the moment it ceases, they work more grudgingly, unwillingly and negligently than ever. Moreover it is expensive; in the minds of most planters, a decisive objection against it.

But there are cases when force and terror cannot be

employed, or fail to answer the purpose, and where stratagem is necessarily resorted to. The most common of these cases, are the detection and prevention of theft, and the recovery of runaways.

Upon these occasions, the most respectable and religious masters do not hesitate to descend to every petty art of fraud and falsehood. They have hired spies and informers among the slaves; they blacken their own faces, and lurk in disguise about the cabins, peeping through the cracks, and listening at the doors. They lure the fugitives back into their power, by the most ample promises of pardon, which they break with as little hesitation as they make them. Not uncommonly they attempt to take advantage of the superstitious ignorance of the slaves, and pretend to magical and supernatural powers, in hopes of frightening the culprit into confession. They exult over the success of these fraudulent arts; and in all transactions with their slaves, their total want of respect for their own word has given ample occasion for the proverb common among the unprivileged class, which describes white men as "mighty uncertain."

Of the three principal means above enumerated, and briefly explained, upon which the sustentation of the slave-master's empire depends, it is evident that the first involves the second; for the surest way of striking a deep terror into the heart is, to punish every transgression with a stern and unrelenting severity.

It accordingly happens that those who act upon this plan, not only have the least trouble upon their plantations, but are often comparatively popular, so to speak, with their servants. The certainty of punishment greatly diminishes the necessity of its frequent infliction. The slaves know exactly what to expect; how far they can go; and what is the limit they cannot safely transgress. If the rule is an iron one, it is nevertheless steady and sure. It does not partake of that uncertainty, which besides being a dangerous temptation, is in itself one of the greatest of evils. Slaves are like other men; and in general they far prefer to take a punishment, and have it

over, to being perpetually scolded, threatened, cursed and stormed at, even though there may be hope that the storm will end in words, and pass over without raining blows.

But this regular and systematic discipline, resembling the despotic precision of a well drilled army, is to be found only upon a very few plantations. Most masters and most overseers are too negligent, or too good-humored for their business, or else are ignorant of the real nature, and only sure support of the authority they exercise. They overlook some offences because they do not want the trouble of punishment ; some they permit to go unnoticed, because they hate to flog a woman or a child; some allowances they make for the petulance of old age, or the hot temper of youth. But every liberty that goes unpunished is made a pretence for yet greater liberties ; the slaves, always eager and watchful to regain any particle of freedom, perceive in an instant, and with unerring sagacity, every indication of weakness, or want of vigor on the part of their master ; they artfully break, now this link, and now that, from their chains ; till at length, beginning to feel something of the spirit of liberty, their "insolence," to use the master's phrase, becomes intolerable, and waking from his dream of indulgence and good nature, their despot is obliged to vindicate his authority, and to repress the licentiousness of his slaves, by a sudden outbreak of violence and cruelty, which, however, he may excuse it by the plea of necessity, he cannot think of, in his sober moments, without some disagreeable feelings of self-condemnation.

Thus it is that the greater part of Southern plantations are the scenes of a constant struggle ; idleness, encroachments, a passive resistance upon one side ; negligence and yielding first, then passion, violence and cruelty upon the other. *Despotism in America.*

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

IN SENATE, FEB. 22. 1842.

The Joint Special Committee to whom was committed the petition of Francis Jackson and others, and sundry other petitioners, for a law securing to colored persons equal rights in railroad accommodation :—also the remonstrance of Joseph Nunn and sundry others, of Salem, respectfully submit the subjoined

REPORT :

The circumstances which give rise to these petitions, are matters of common notoriety throughout the State. While some of the rail-road corporations (as for example, the Western, Nashua, Boston and Portland, Norwich, Lowell and Worcester,) make no distinction among the passengers, but permit every well-behaved person to purchase such ticket, whether of the second or first class, as they choose, and then select the car and seat which suit them; others,—which are the Eastern Rail-road, Taunton and New-Bedford, and Providence,—while they in some cases demand of the colored man their highest price, place him either, as on the Salem road, in a decently furnished car by himself, or, as in other cases, in cars oftentimes neither decent nor comfortable, and, according to circumstances, exposed to the inclemencies of the season. The petitioners ask for some action on the part of the Legislature, by which the making of this distinction between colored and other citizens, shall be forbidden by law, and prevented by penalty. They base their request, not on the supposition that the colored man is not as well treated as his white fellow-citizen, but on the broad principle, that the Constitution allows no distinction in the public privileges among the different classes of citizens of this Commonwealth.

That the distinction is made in the cases referred to, admits of no doubt. That it is a violation of his rights as a citizen, is equally undeniable :—that it is a disability which would be an insult to any white man, and which the whole nation would be ready to vindicate, at the ex-

pense of her best blood and greatest treasure. It is inconsistent with that part of the first article of the declaration of rights in the Constitution of our State, which declares "that all men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential and unalienable rights, among which may be reckoned," "that of acquiring, possessing and protecting property;" and "that of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness." The delay and difficulty the colored man experiences in travelling in public conveyances, frequently interfere with his acquiring property, when he wishes to pass from place to place on business. It interferes with his happiness when he travels for pleasure, and he is deprived of the Society of his friends, if they chance to be of a different complexion.

The only questions for consideration seem to be, whether this matter lies within the authority of the Legislature, and whether any interference on its part is called for.

That it is the duty, as well as the right of the Legislature, to secure to each citizen, not only his own strict rights, but also the greatest possible benefit, consistent with justice and the public good, is not to be questioned. These roads exist, and derive all their rights and privileges from the authority of the Legislature. They are certainly to be regarded, as far as the citizens are concerned, as public highways, to the equal use of which, on certain conditions, every citizen is alike entitled. Responsible to the Legislature for their proceedings, as appears by their being required to exhibit an annual report of their doings, they are to be regarded in some sense as public servants, and imperatively bound to use the powers intrusted to them as much for the public benefit as their own, in accordance with the spirit of our institutions and the laws of the Commonwealth. Any invidious distinction between different classes of citizens, in consequence of difference in opinion, sex, color, sect, or other rightful and innocent peculiarity, is manifestly opposed to the spirit of our institutions. If passengers were separated because of difference in religious belief; if, on

the common highway, certain persons were not permitted to travel without appearing in a particular dress, it would be regarded as ridiculous, and an intolerable nuisance to be immediately abated. Is color any more legal or reasonable ground of such distinction than creed? Massachusetts, through her whole code, with one exception, makes no distinction on account of color among her citizens. Her schools, her jurybox, her official situations, are all open to all complexions. The word white, except in the milita, where she acknowledges the authority of the United States Constitution, and the instance just named, is not found in her statute book. Why should she allow corporations a power which she will not trust in her own courts! How shall the State be justified in allowing others to make differences in regard to her citizens, which she does not presume to make herself? If it should be objected, these by-laws are like the rules of social life, with which the law has nothing to do; we answer, these corporations are established by State authority, supported in some cases by State loans, protected always and specially by legislation, and their accommodations are a *right*, and not, like social enjoyments, a privilege: the *equal* right of all, not the peculiar privilege of any.

If it should be objected that the regulation of matter of taste, which the feelings of the majority of the community require,—we answer, individual taste is no criterion of rights; and even if the majority do agree in this particular, our institutions were established for the very purpose of protecting minorities from the tastes of the majorities. That no real reason even of this kind exists, is evident from the fact that the majority of the rail-roads, and those too the largest, make no such distinction, and experience no inconvenience from the absence of it. Besides, even where this distinction has been made on some roads, your Committee are informed that slaves have been permitted to ride with their masters unmolested, where a free colored person is refused a place. That, under certain circumstances, color can be dispensed with; and there-

fore that such exclusion is unreasonable and unnecessary.

Your Committee are of opinion that the rail-road corporations would most cheerfully submit to any regulation in this matter that should be agreeable to the Legislature. The Eastern rail-road company forbid a white man to take a seat in the car devoted to the use of the colored people; we can see in this nothing but an unnecessary assumption of authority, which the people of this Commonwealth will not acquiesce in. If any shall object to taking action upon this subject because custom contrary to law will not be unnoticed by our courts of justice, and therefore an adequate remedy exists already for any person injured by these regulations; we would say, that in many cases where rights were clear at common law, the Legislature has still enacted special statutes to secure the observance of such rights, and protect them by penalties. As a case in point, we notice the protection of these very rail-roads from tresspass by persons and cattle. Many criminal statutes are directed against cases which had long been known as offences at common law. Your Committee are informed that in one case at least before the Supreme Court of this Commonwealth, under circumstances of much hardship, the Judge permitted the prevalence of this custom of excluding colored men from the same accommodations with white passengers, to be given in evidence before the jury as defence against the party's claim for damages—the case of a Brazilian officer, whose invalid wife had been refused decent accommodations on board one of our steamboats, some few years since, because she was in part of African descent. The prevalence of this custom was pleaded by the company against his claim of damages, and that successfully. The irritation of feeling which such regulations produce, tending to constant breaches of the peace, is another reason for legislative action. We need only allude to the recent cases that have occurred in proof of this. Our courts recognize a limitation in the almost sacred freedom of the press, when it amounts to libel, because then it tends to breach of the peace,—certainly

this instance of the same and still more imminent danger of that result, calls as loudly for the interference of the law. Certainly it cannot be out of the sphere of our duties to attempt such legislation as shall secure to all the inhabitants of the State the enjoyment of every right consistent with justice and the Constitution. The Committee unanimously report the accompanying bill.

Per order. S. SPRAGUE, Jr

AN ACT

Relating to the Rights of Rail-Road Passengers.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows :

Sec. 1. No rail-road corporation shall, by themselves, their directors, or others, make or establish any by-law or regulation, which shall make any distinction, or give a preference in accommodation to any one or more persons over others, on account of descent, sect, or color.

Sec. 2. Any officer or servant of any rail-road corporation, who shall assault any person for the purpose of depriving him of his right or privilege, in any car or other rail-road accommodation, on account of descent, sect, or color, or shall aid or abet any other person, in committing such assault, shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail not less than six days, or by fine not less than ten dollars ; and shall also be answerable to the person assaulted, to the full amount of his damage in an action of tresspass.

From the Madison County Abolitionist.

Keep it before the People---

That there are 2,500,000 slaves in the United States. That these are bought and sold like cattle in the market. That in 1836, Virginia sold 60,000 of her own children at a valuation of $24,000,000.

Keep it before the People—That slavery has twenty-five representatives upon the floor of Congress, as the representatives of *property*.

Keep it before the People—That Ohio, under the old ratio of representation, with a free population of 200,000 more than Virginia, had two members less than Virginia.

Keep it before the People—That Pennsylvania, with a free population, equal almost to South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Kentucky, will have, according to the new ratio, say 60,000, twenty-eight representatives, while these states will have forty-three !

Keep it before the People—That New York, with a population of 2,428,919, is to have forty representatives, while the thirteen slave States, with a free population of less than double that of New York, will have ninety-seven representatives in Congress !

Keep it before the People—That the free population of the North, is 9,653,762; and will have on the floor of Congress, one hundred and fifty-four representatives; while the South, with a free population of 4,812,873—less than half—is to have ninety-seven ! Whereas, if the ratio of representation was based upon free population only, their number would be seventy-three.

Keep it before the People—That the distribution of the revenue, from the sale of the public lands, say $3,000,000 per annum, is made according to the electoral vote, instead of the free population. So that the slave States receive, for a free population less than half in number to those of the free States, twice as much of the revenue, in proportion to the population.

Instance—Free population of the free States, 9,653,762. Dividend, $1,815,026.

Free population of the slave States, 4,812,873. Dividend, $1,181,702.

The injustice of this division may be clearly seen, when it is remembered that of the money thus distributed, the people of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan get, to each inhabitant, 18 1-8 cents; while South Carolina gets 32 1-6; Georgia, 28; Alabama, 28; Louisana, 28; Ken-

tucky, 22; and Tennessee, 22 cts. to each inhabitant. And thus ends the great "Distribution Bill" of the Whigs.

Keep it before the People—That this legislation of which so much is said in behalf of the party in power, is giving the South a *premium* for slavery. Not only tolerating it, but taking money belonging to hard-working men of the North, to pay southern men for their institution.

Keep it before the People—That the surplus revenue was distributed in the same way, in 1837, and no protest was entered by any man on the floor of Congress.

Keep it before the People—That for forty out of forty-eight years, slavery has had a President from her own territory.

Keep it before the People—That for thirty out of thirty-six years, we have had a slave-holding Speaker in the House of Representatives, who has the appointment of all the Committees.

Keep it before the People—That since 1830, there have been five appointments to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, and every one from slave States.

Keep it before the People—That the District of Columbia is the greatest slave mart in the world; and that on the pages of its statute-book, among other laws, bloody as death, stands unrepealed the following: "a slave convicted of setting fire to a building, shall have his head cut off, and his body divided and hung up in the most public places." *See Laws of the District.*

Keep it before the People—That such a law makes a *model* of our republic, for Prince Metternich to laugh at, and to give his public criminals the choice of working in the State mines *for life*, or being banished to the United States; and to know that they chose the former.—(See Brooks' Letters from Austria.

Keep it before the People—That from 1826 to 1829, six persons were sold for their jail fees, in the District of Columbia; and that on the 8th of February, 1836, eighty-two northern Congressmen voted "that Congress ought not, in any way, interfere with slavery in the District of Columbia."

Nehemiah Caulkins.

Concluded.

In stating the foregoing facts, my object has been to show the practical workings of the system of slavery, and if possible to correct the misapprehension on this subject, so common at the north. In doing this I am not at war with slaveholders. No, my soul is moved for them as well as for the poor slaves. May God send them repentance to the acknowledgment of the truth! Principle, on a subject of this nature, is dearer to me than the applause of men, and should not be sacrificed on any subject, even though the ties of friendship may be broken. We have too long been silent on this subject, the slave has been too much considered, by our northern states, as being kept by necessity in his present condition.—Were we to ask, in the language of Pilate, "what evil hath they done"—we may search their history, we cannot find that they have taken up arms against our government, nor insulted us as a nation—that they are thus compelled to drag out a life in chains! subjected to the most terrible inflictions if in any way they manifest a wish to be released.—Let us reverse the question. What evil has been done to them by those who call themselves masters? First let us look at their persons, "neither clothed nor naked"—I have seen instances where this phrase would not apply to boys and girls, and that too in winter. I knew one young man seventeen years of age, by the name of Dave, on Mr. Swan's plantation, worked day after day in the rice machine as naked as when he was born. The reason of his being so, his master said in my hearing, was, that he could not keep clothes on him—he would get into the fire and burn them off.

Follow them next to their huts; some with and some without floors:—Go at night, and view their means of lodging, see them lying on benches, some on the floor or ground, some sitting on stools, dozing away the night;—others, of younger age, with a blanket wrapped about them; and one or two lying in the ashes. These things *I have often seen with my own eyes.*

Examine their means of subsistence, which consists generally of seven quarts of meal or eight quarts of small rice for one week; then follow them to their work, with driver and overseer pushing them to the utmost of their strength, by threatening and whipping.

If they are sick from fatigue and exposure, go to their huts, as I have often been and see them groaning under a burning fever or pleurisy, lying on some straw, their feet to the fire with barely a blanket to cover them; or on some boards nailed together to form a bedstead.

After seeing all this, and hearing them tell of their sufferings, need I ask, is there any evil connected with their condition ? and if so; upon whom is it to be charged ? I answer for myself, and the reader can do the same. Our government stands first chargeable for allowing slavery to exist, under its own jurisdiction. Second, the states for enacting laws to secure their victim. Third, the slaveholder for carrying out such enactments, in horrid form enough to chill the blood. Fourth, every person who knows what slavery is, and does not raise his voice against this crying sin, but by silence gives consent to its continuance, is chargeable with guilt in the sight of God. "The blood of Zacharias who was slain between the temple and altar," says Christ, "WILL I REQUIRE OF THIS GENERATION." NEHEMIAH CAULKINS.

Rail Road Bill.

☞ We give in this No. the excellent report and resolves reported to the Legislature by a joint committee, for the House and Senate. C. F. Adams, son of the venerable J. Q. Adams, was a member of the committee. This report was lost in the Senate. We shall have something to say on this subject in another number.

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MONTHLY OFFERING.

APRIL.

Dr. Channing in the Field again.

"*The duty of the Free States, or Remarks suggested by the case of the Creole.* By Wm. E. Channing," pp. 54.

We had prepared several articles for the Offering, but have thrown them aside to give our readers some extracts from this work.

All are, probably, more or less acquainted with the history of the *Creole*. The facts are briefly these:—In November last, the brig Creole, of Norfolk, Va. sailed for New Orleans with a cargo of about 140 slaves. While the brig was on her way to New Orleans, the slaves rose upon the crew, killed one man, took possession of the vessel, and run her into the port of Nassau, in New Providence, one of the West India Islands. There, by the authorities of Great Britain, the slaves were allowed to go free. Our government, ever watchful of the interests of slavery, immediately sent a despatch to our minister in London, instructing him to demand of the British Government compensation for these liberated slaves. This instrument, drawn up and signed by Daniel Webster, as Secretary of State, is a remarkable production. Its reasoning is unsound, and its propositions and conclusions are monstrously wicked. It seems as if the Dr. labored to keep *Webster's* name out of sight. For allowing himself to be such a pliant, suppliant tool of slavery, Webster, as a northern man, ought to be exposed, and held up to the gaze of an indignant republic.

The style of this book is, like all the writings which emanate from Channing's pen, chaste, clear and forcible. It is not, however, written with so much ability as some of his other papers. It does not abound with so many apologies for the slaveholder, as does some of his earlier productions on slavery; yet a few of the last pages of this work must very much neutralize the good influence which the book would otherwise produce. After a few preliminary remarks in relation to the encroachments of slavery upon the North, the Doctor says:

No greater wrong, no grosser insult on humanity, can well be conceived; nor can it be softened by the customary plea of the slave-holder's kindness. The first and most essential exercise of love towards a human being, is to respect his Rights. It is idle to talk of kindness to a human being, whose rights we habitually trample under foot. "Be just before you are generous." A human being is not to be loved as a horse or a dog, but as a being having rights; and his first grand right is that of free action; the right to use and expand his powers; to improve and obey his higher faculties; to seek his own and other's good; to better his lot; to make himself a home; to enjoy inviolate the relation of husband and parent; to live the life of a man. An institution denying to a being this right, and virtually all rights; which degrades him into a chattel, and puts him beneath the level of his race, is more shocking to a calm, enlightened philanthropy, than most of the attrocities which we shudder at in history; and this for a plain reason. These attrocities, such as the burning of heretics, and the immolation of the Indian woman on the funeral pile of her husband, have generally some foundation in ideas of duty and religion. The inquisitor murders to do God service; and the Hindoo widow is often fortified against the flames by motives of inviolable constancy and generous self-sacrifice. The Indian in our wilderness, when he tortures his captives, thinks of making an offering, of making compensation,

to his own tortured friends. But in slavery, man seizes his brother, subjects him to brute force, robs him of all his rights, for purely selfish ends—as selfishly as the robber fastens on his prey. No generous affections, no ideas of religion and self-sacrifice throw a gleam of light over its horrors. As such, I must speak of slavery, when regarded in its own nature, and especially when regarded in its origin. A grand principle is involved in the case, or rather lies at its very foundation, and to this I ask particular attention. This principle is, that a man, as a man, has rights, has claims on his race, which are in no degree touched or impaired on account of the manner in which he may be regarded or treated by a particular clan, tribe, or nation of his fellow-creatures. A man, by his very nature, as an intelligent, moral creature of God, has claims to aid and kind regard from all other men. There is a grand law of humanity, more comprehensive than all others, and under which every man should find shelter. He has not only a right, but is bound to use freely and improve the powers which God has given him; and other men, instead of obstructing, are bound to assist their development and exertion. These claims a man does not derive from the family or tribe in which he began his being. They are not the growth of a particular soil; they are not ripened under a peculiar sky; they are not written on a particular complexion; they belong to human nature. The ground on which one man asserts them, all men stand on, nor can they be denied to one without being denied to all. We have here a common interest. We must all stand or fall together. We all have claims on our race, claims of kindness and justice, claims grounded on our relation to our common Father and on the inheritance of a common nature.

Because a number of men invade the rights of a fellow-creature, and pronounce him destitute of rights, his claims are not a whit touched by this. He is as much a man as before. Not a single gift of God, on which his rights rest, is taken away. His relations to the rest of his race are in no measure affected. He is as truly their

brother as if his tribe had not pronounced him a brute. If indeed any change takes place, his claims are enhanced, on the ground that the suffering and injured are entitled to peculiar regard. If any rights should be singularly sacred in our sight, they are those which are denied and trodden in the dust.

It seems to be thought by some, that a man derives all his rights from the nation to which he belongs. They are gifts of the state, and the state may take them away, if it will. A man, it is thought, has claims on other men not as a man, but as an Englishman, an American, or a subject of some other state. He must produce his parchment of citizenship, before he binds other men to protect him, to respect his free agency, to leave him the use of his powers according to his own will. Local municipal law is thus made the fountain and measure of rights. The stranger must tell us where he was born, what privileges he enjoyed at home, or no tie links us to one another.

In conformity to these views, it is thought that when one community declares a man to be a slave, other communities must respect this decree; that the duties of a foreign nation to an individual are to be determined by a brand set on him on his own shores; that his relations to the whole race may be affected by the local act of a community, no matter how small or how unjust.

This is a terrible doctrine. It strikes a blow at all the rights of human nature. It enables the political body to which we belong, no matter how wicked or weak, to make each of us an outcast from his race. It makes a man nothing in himself. As a man, he has no significance. He is sacred only as far as some state has taken him under its care. Stripped of his nationality, he is at the mercy of all who may incline to lay hold on him. He may be seized, imprisoned, sent to work in galleys or mines, unless some foreign state spreads its shield over him as one of its citizens.

This doctrine is as false as it is terrible. Man is not the mere creature of the state. Man is older than nations,

and he is to survive nations. There is a law of humanity more primitive and divine than the law of the land. He has higher claims than those of a citizen. He has rights which date before all charters and communities; not conventional, not repealable, but as eternal as the powers and laws of his being.

This annihilation of the individual, by merging him in the state, lies at the foundation of despotism. The nation is too often the grave of the man. This is the more monstrous, because the very end of the state, of the organization of the nation, is to secure the individual in all his rights, and especially to secure the rights of the weak. Here is the fundamental idea of political association. In an unorganized society, with no legislation, no tribunal, no umpire, rights have no security. Force predominates over right. This is the grand evil of what is called the state of nature. To repress this, to give right the ascendeney over force, this is the grand idea and end of government, of country, of political constitutions. And yet we are taught that it depends on the law of a man's country, whether he shall have rights, and whether other states shall regard him as a man. When cast on a foreign shore, his country, and not his humanity, is to be inquired into, and the treatment he receives is to be proportioned to what he meets at home.

Men worship power, worship great organizations, and overlook the individual; and few things have depraved the moral sentiment of men more, or brought greater woes on the race. The state, or the ruler in whom the state is embodied, continues to be worshipped, notwithstanding the commission of crimes which would inspire horror in the private man. How insignificant are the robberies, murders, piracies, which the law makes capital, in comparison with an unjust or unnecessary war, dooming thousands, perhaps millions, of the innocent to the most torturing forms of death, or with the law of an autocrat or of a public body, depriving millions of all the rights of men! But these, because of the acts of the state, escape the execrations of the world.

If the doctrine be true, that the character impressed on a man at home follows him abroad, and that he is to be regarded not as a man, but as the local laws which he has left regard him, why shall not this apply to the peculiar advantages as well as disadvantages which a man enjoys in his own land ? Why shall not he, whom the laws invest with a right to universal homage at home, receive the same tribute abroad? Why shall not he, whose rank exempts him from the ordinary restraints of law on his own shores, claim the same lawlessness elsewhere? Abroad these distinctions avail him nothing. The local law which makes him a kind of deity deserts him, the moment he takes a step beyond his country's borders; and why shall the disadvantages, the terrible wrongs which that law inflicts, follow the poor sufferer to the end of the earth?

This principle our government has not explicitly denied in its letter to our minister in London. The letter is chiefly employed in dilating on varions particular circumstances, which it is said entitled the Creole to assistance from the British authorities, in the prosecution of the voyage with her original freight and passengers. The strength of the document lies altogether in the skilful manner in which these circumstances are put together. I shall therefore proceed to consider them with some minuteness. They are briefly these. The vessel was engaged in a voyage "perfectly lawful." She was taken to a British port, "not voluntarily by those who had the lawful authority over her," but forcibly and violently "against the master's will," without any agency or solicitation on the part of the great majority of the slaves, and indeed solely by the few "mutineers" who had gained possession of her by violence and bloodshed. The slaves were "still on board" the American vessel. They had not become "incorporated with the English population;" and from these facts it is argued, that they had not changed their original character, that the vessel containing them ought to have been regarded as "still on her voyage," and should have been aided to resume it accord-

ing to that law of comity and hospitality by which nations are bound to aid one another's vessels in distress.

* * * * * *

Let us now consider particularly the circumstances on which the United States maintain that the British authorities were bound to replace the slaves under the master of the Creole, and violated their duty in setting them free.

It is insisted, first, that "the Creole was passing from one port to another in a voyage *perfectly lawful.*" We cannot but lament that to sustain this point of the *lawfulness* of the voyage, it is affirmed that "slaves are recognized as property by the constitution of the United States in those states in which slavery exists." Were this true, it is one of those truths which respect for our country should prevent our intruding on the notice of strangers. A child should throw a mantle over the nakedness of his parent. But the language seems to me stronger than the truth. The constitution was intended not to interfere with the laws of property in the states where slaves had been held. But the recognition of a moral right in the slave-holder is most carefully avoided in that instrument. Slaves are three times referred to, but always as *persons,* not as *property.* The free states are indeed bound to deliver up fugitive slaves; but these are to be surrendered not as slaves, but as "persons held to service." The clause applies as much to fugitive apprentices from the North, as to fugitive slaves from the South. The history of this clause is singular. In the first draught of the constitution it stood thus. "No person legally held to service or labor in one State, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation thereof, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up," &c. Mr. Madison tells us that the term "legally" was struck out, and the words "under the laws thereof," were inserted after the word "state," in compliance with the wish of some, "who thought the term *legal* equivocal and favoring the idea that slavery was *legal in a moral point of view.*" It ought also to be added, that in the debate in the convention on that clause of the constitu-

tion which conferred power on Congress to abolish the inportation of slaves in 1808, "Mr. Madison thought it wrong to admit in the constitution the idea that there could be property in men." Most memorable testimony to the truth from this greatest constitutional authority! With the knowledge of these facts, our government had no apology for holding up the great national charter as recognizing property in man. The phraseology and history of the constitution afford us some shelter, however insufficient, from the moral condemnation of the world; and we shall not gratuitously cast it away.

Whilst, however, we censure this clause in the Executive Document, we rejoice that on one point it is explicit. It affirms that "slaves are recognized as property by the constitution of the United States, *in those states in which slavery exists.*" Here we have the limit precisely defined, within which the constitution spreads its shield over slavery. These limits are "the states in which slavery exists." Beyond these it recognizes no property in man, and of course beyond these it cannot take this property under its protection. The moment the slave leaves the states within which slavery exists, the constitution knows nothing of him as property. Of consequence, the national government has no right to touch the case of the Creole. As soon as that vessel passed beyond the jurisdiction of the state where she received her passengers, the slaves ceased to be property in the eye of the constitution. The national authorities were no longer bound to interfere with and to claim them as such. The nation's force was no longer pledged to subject them to their masters. Its relation to them had wholly ceased. On this point we are bound to adopt the strictest construction of the instrument. The free states should not suffer themselves to be carried a hair's breadth beyond the line, within which they are pledged to the dishonorable office of protecting slavery.

But, leaving this clause, I return to the first consideration adduced to substantiate the claim of the Creole to the assistance of the British authorities. The voyage,

we are told, was "perfectly lawful." Be it so. But this circumstance, according to the principles of the free states, involves no obligation of another community to enforce slavery or to withhold from the slave the rights of a man. Suppose that the Creole had sailed to Massachusetts with her slaves. The voyage would have been "lawful;" but on entering the port of Boston her slaves would have been pronounced free. The "right of property" in them conferred by a slave state, would have ceased. The lawfulness of the voyage, then, gives the slave-holder no claim on another government, into the ports of which his slave may be carried.

* * * * * *

"The voyage was perfectly lawful," we are told. So would be the voyage of a Turkish ship freighted with Christian slaves from Constantinople. Suppose such a vessel driven by storms or carried by force into a Christian port. Would any nation in Europe or would America feel itself bound to assist the Turkish slaver, to replace the chains on Christian captives whom the elements or their own courage had set free, to sacrifice to the comity and hospitality and usages of nations, the law of humanity and Christian brotherhood?

"The voyage," we are told, "was perfectly lawful." Suppose now that a slave-holding country should pass a law ordaining and prescribing a chain as a badge of bondage, and authorizing the owner to carry about his slave fastened to himself by this sign of property. Suppose the master to go with slave and chain to a foreign country. His journey would be "lawful;" but would the foreign government be bound to respect this ordinance of the distant state? Would the authorized chain establish property in the slave over the whole earth? We know it would not; and why should the authorized vessel impose a more real obligation?

We are now prepared to consider the next circumstance on which much stress is laid, to substantiate the claim of our government. "The vessel was taken to a British port, not voluntarily by those who had the law-

ful authority over her, but forcibly and violently, against the master's will, by mutineers and murderers," &c.

To this, various replies are contained in the preceding remarks. The first is, that the local laws of one country are not transported to another, and do not become of force there, because a vessel of the former is carried by violence into the ports of the latter. Another is, that a vessel entering the harbor of a foreign state, through mutiny or violence, is not on this account exempted from its jurisdiction or laws. She may not set its authorities at defiance, because brought within its waters against her own will. There may indeed be local laws intended to exclude foreigners, which it would be manifestly unjust and inhuman to enforce on such as may be driven to the excluding state against their own consent. But as to the laws of a country founded on the universal principles of justice and humanity, these are binding on foreign vessels, under whatever circumstances they may be brought within its jurisdiction. There is still another view of this subject, which I have already urged, but which is so important as to deserve repetition. The right of the slaves of the Creole to liberation was not at all touched by the mode in which they were brought tc Nasssau. No matter how they got there, whether by sea, land, or air, whether by help of saint or sinner. A man's right to freedom is derived from none of these accidents, but inheres in him as a man, and nothing which does not touch his humanity can impair it. The slaves of the Creole were not a whit the less men, because "mutiny" had changed their course on the ocean. They stood up in the port of Nassau with all the attributes of men, and the government could not without wrong have denied their character and corresponding claims.

We will now consider another circumstance to which importance is attached in the Document of our Executive. We are told that "the slaves could not be regarded as having become mixed up or incorporated with the British population, or as having changed character

at all, either in regard to country or personal condition." To this it is replied, that no one pretends that the slaves had become Englishmen, or had formed a special relation to Great Britain, on account of which she was compelled to liberate them. It was not as a part of the British population that they were declared free. Had the authorities at Nassau taken this ground, they might have been open to the complaints of our government. The slaves were pronounced free, not because of any national character which they sustained, but because they were men, and because Great Britain held itself bound to respect the law of nature with regard to men. It was not necessary for them to be incorporated with the British population in order to acquire to the common rights of human beings. One great error in the Document is, that a government is supposed to owe nothing to a human being who lands on its shores, any farther than his nation may require. It is thought to have nothing to do, but to inquire into his nationality and to fulfil the obligations which this imposes. He has no rights to set up, unless his own government stand by him. Thus the fundamental principles of the law of nature are set at naught. Thus all rights are resolved into benefactions of the state, and man is nothing unless incorporated, mixed up with the population of a particular country. This doctrine is too monstrous to be openly avowed, but it lies at the foundation of most of the reasonings of the Document. The man, I repeat it, is older and more sacred than the citizen. The slave of the Creole had no other name to take. His own country had declared him not to be a citizen. He had been scornfully refused a place among the American people. He was only a Man; and was that a low title on which to stand up among men ? Nature knows no higher on earth. English law knows no higher. Shall we find fault with a country, because an outcast man landing on its shore is declared free without the formality of becoming incorporated with its population :

After successfully removing the objection brought

against the British authorities, by Mr. Webster, that the government officers in Nassua "interfered to set free the slaves," the Doctor lays down the distinction between property in man, and the productions of the earth as follows :—

Property is not an arbitrary thing, dependent wholly on man's will. It has its foundation and great laws in nature, and these cannot be violated without crime. It is plainly the intention of Providence, that certain things should be owned, should be held as property. They fulfil their end only by such appropriation. The material world was plainly made to be subjected to human labor, and its products to be moulded by skill to human use. He who wins them by honest toil has a right to them, and is wronged when others seize and consume them.

The Document supposes a government to declare, that opium is an article in which property cannot exist or be asserted, and, on this ground, to wrest it from the owner and throw it into the sea; and this it considers as a parallel case to the declaration, that property in man cannot exist. But who does not see that the parallel is absurd ? The poppy, which contains the opium, is by its nature fitted and designed to be held as property. The man who rears it by his capital, industry and skill, thus establishes a right to it, and is injured if it be torn from him, except in the special case where some higher right supersedes that of property. The poppy is not wronged by being owned and consumed. It has no intelligence, no conscience for its own direction; no destiny to fulfil by the wise use and culture of its powers. It has therefore no Rights. By being appropriated to an individual it does good, it suffers no wrong.

Here are the grounds of property. They are found in the nature of the articles so used; and where these grounds are wholly wanting, as in the case of human beings, it cannot exist or be asserted. A man was made to be an owner, not to be owned; to acquire, not to become property. He has faculties for the government of

himself. He has a great destiny. He sustains tender and sacred relations, especially those of parent and husband, and with the duties and blessings of these no one must interfere. As such a being he has Rights. These belong to his very nature. They belong to every one who partakes it; all here are equal. He therefore may be wronged, and is most grievously wronged, when forcibly seized by a fellow-creature, who has no other nature and rights than his own, and seized by such an one to live for his pleasure, to be bowed to his absolute will, to be placed under his lash, to be sold, driven from home, and torn from parent, wife and child, for another's gain. Does any parallel exist between such a being and opium? Can we help seeing a distinction between the nature of a plant and a man, which forbids their being confounded under the same character of property? Is not the distinction recognized by us in the administration of our laws? When a man from the South brings hither his watch and trunk, is his right to them deemed a whit the less sacred, because the laws of his state cease to protect them? Do we not recognize them as his, as intuitively and cheerfully as if they belonged to a citizen of our own state? Are they not his, here and everywhere? Do we not feel that he would be wronged, were they torn from him? But when he brings a slave, we do not recognize his property in our fellow-creature. We pronounce the slave free. Whose reason and conscience do not intuitively pronounce this distinction between a man and a watch to be just?

The Executive Document not only maintains the obligation of the English authorities to respect what the South had stamped on the slave, but maintains earnestly that "the English authorities had no right to *inquire* into the cargo of the vessel, or the condition of persons on board." Now it is unnecessary to dispute about this right; for the British authorities did not exercise it, did not need it. The truth of the case, and the whole truth, they could not help seeing, even had they wished to remain blind. Master, crew, passengers, colored people,

declared with one voice that the latter were shipped as slaves. Their character was thus forced on the government, which of course had no liberty of action in the case. By the laws of England, slavery could not be recognized within its jurisdiction. No human being could be recognized as property. The authorities had but one question to ask : Are these poor creatures men ? and to solve this question no right of search was needed. It solved itself. A single glance settled the point. Of course we have no ground to complain of a busy intermeddling with cargo and persons, to determine their character by British authorities.

After instituting a comparison between heroes of 1776 and the heroes on board the Creole, he speaks of the progress, the principles of human freedom is now making among different nations, and adds :—

The cry for Emancipation swells and spreads from land to land. And whence comes the opposing cry ? From St. Petersburg ? From Constantinople ? From the gloomy jealous cabinets of despotism ? No; but from republican America ! from that country, whose Declaration of Independence was an era in human history ! The nations of the earth are beginning to proclaim, that slaves shall not breathe their air, that whoever touches their soil shall be free. Republican America protests against this reverence for right and humanity, and summons the nations to enforce her laws against the slave. Oh my country ! hailed once as the asylum of the oppressed, once consecrated to liberty, once a name pronounced with tears of joy and hope ! now a by-word among the nations, the scorn of the very subjects of despotism ! How art thou fallen, morning star of freedom ! And has it come to this ? Must thy children blush to pronounce thy name ? Must we cower in the presence of the Christian world ? Must we be degraded to the lowest place among Christian nations ? Is the sword, which wrought out our liberties, to be unsheathed now to enforce the claims of slavery on foreign states ? Can we

bear this burning shame ? Are the free states prepared to incur this infamy and crime ?

We call on a great nation to abandon its solemnly pronounced conviction of duty, its solemnly pledged respect for human rights, and to do what it believes to be unjust, inhuman and base. Is there nothing of insult in such a demand ?

It is idle, and worse than idle, to say as is sometimes said, that England has no motive but policy in her movements about slavery. He who says so, talks ignorantly or recklessly. I have studied abolitionism in England enough to assure those who have neglected it, that it was the act not of the politician but of the people. In this respect it stands alone in history. It was a disinterested movement of a Christian nation in behalf of oppressed strangers, beginning with Christians, carried through by Christians. The government resisted it for years. The government was compelled to yield to the voice of the people. No act of the English nation was ever so national, so truly the people's act, as this. And can we hope to conquer the conscience as well as the now solemnly adopted policy of a great nation ? Were England to concede this point, she would prove herself false to known, acknowledged truth and duty. Her freshest, proudest laurel would wither.

In bearing this testimony to the spirit of the English people in the abolition of the slave trade and of slavery, nothing is farther from my mind than a disposition to defend the public policy or institutions of that country. In this case, as in most others, the people are better than their rulers. England is one of the last countries of which I am ready to become a partisan. There must be something radically wrong in the policy, institutions and spirit of a nation, which all other nations regard with jealousy and dislike. Great Britain, with all her progress in the arts, has not learned the art of inspiring confidence and love. She sends forth her bounty over the earth, but, politically considered, has made the world her foe. Her Chinese war, and her wild extension of dominion

over vast regions which she cannot rule well or retain, give reason to fear, that she is falling a prey to the disease under which great nations have so often perished.

The condition of the lower orders at the present moment is a mournful commentary on English institutions and civilization. The multitude are depressed in that country to a degree of ignorance, want and misery, which must touch every heart not made of stone. In the civilized world there are few sadder spectacles, than the contrast, now presented in Great Britain, of unbounded wealth and luxury with the starvation of thousands and ten thousands, crowded into cellars and dens without ventilation or light, compared with which the wigwam of the Indian is a palace. Misery, famine, brutal degradation, in the neighborhood and presence of stately mansions, which ring with gaiety and dazzle with pomp and unbounded profusion, shock us as no other wretchedness does; and this is not an accidental but an almost necessary effect of the spirit of aristocracy and the spirit of trade acting intensely together.

Must slavery still continue to exist, a firebrand at home and our shame abroad? Can we of the free states brook, that it should be thrust perpetually by our diplomacy on the notice of a reproving world? that it should become our distinction among the nations? that it should place us behind all? Can we endure, that it should control our public counsels, that it should threaten war, should threaten to assert its claims in the thunder of our artillery? Can we endure that our peace should be broken, our country exposed to invasion, our cities stormed, our fields ravaged, our prosperity withered, our progress arrested, our sons slain, our homes turned into deserts, not for rights, not for liberty, not for a cause which humanity smiles on and God will bless, but to rivet chains on fellow-creatures, to extend the law of slavery throughout the earth? These are great questions for the free states. I must defer the answer of them to another time. The duties of the free states in relation to slavery deserve the most serious regard.

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MONTHLY OFFERING.

MAY.

The Offering.

We have delayed to issue the *May* number of the Offering until the arrangements for celebrating the anniversary of West India Emancipation, were fully matured. The arrangements having been completed, we now send out the May and June numbers together.

It will be seen, from the address of the General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, to the abolitionists of that state, that *Anti-Slavery Pic Nics* are recommended to be held throughout the state on the first of August. We see no reason why this movement should be confined to Massachusetts alone, but earnestly hope that it will be adopted by the friends of the slave throughout New-England.

To encourage and aid our friends in getting up these anti-slavery gatherings, the Society has just issued a beautiful little book under the title of "THE ANTI-SLAVERY PIC NIC." The "*Pic Nic*" contains *Speeches*, *Poems*, *Dialogues*, and *Songs and Hymns* set to music, all of which are expressly adapted to the first of August and similar occasions. It should have an extensive circulation. Every possible effort should be made to secure the confidence and enlist the sympathies of the young. The influences of the age and corruptions of the times have filled their minds with strong prejudices against our cause. They naturally love freedom and hate oppression, and their unbiassed feelings instinctively lead them to sympathize with the wronged and outcast. The im-

pressions of the nursery will, to a great extent, influence the mind through life. It should be our object, then, to encourage every movement which shall impress upon their minds the beauty of freedom and the impolicy and the wickedness of slavery. Encourage the young to learn and speak those speeches which breathe forth the sentiments of liberty, and to sing those songs which will inspire them with a love of freedom. These sentiments, early engraven upon their hearts, may change their future course and policy of action, and lead them to become the benefactors of their race, instead of the oppressors of mankind.

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To the Abolitionists of Massachusetts.

Anti-Slavery Rooms, 25 Cornhill, Boston.

My Dear Friend :—The Board of managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society have learned, with great satisfaction, that the abolitionists, in many parts of this Commonwealth, have resolved to celebrate the approaching Anniversvry of West India Emancipation, which comes on the first of August, in their respective towns, with that spirit and energy, which the occasion seems to require. This is as it should be.

This celebration should be one, both of utility and amusement. It is important that this great event should be kept before the people of this country, so long as it holds *two and a half millions* of its own subjects in the most abject slavery. Eight years have already passed, since the government of Great Britain gave freedom to *eight hundred thousand* of its own slaves, in the West India Islands : and this act, instead of being followed by idleness, insurrection and murder, on the part of the negroes, and complete bankruptcy on the part of the masters, as was universally predicted by the opponents of the anti-

slavery cause, has been attended by one unbroken chain of absolute prosperity, both to the liberated negros and their former masters. The soil has advanced in value, from fifty to one hundred per cent. Thrifty and populous villages are fast coming into existence. Mechanical improvements are being introduced, which were not contemplated in the days of slavery. Benevolent and religious institutions are fast multiplying, and education is liberally bestowed upon, and improved by all classes.

It is absolutely indispensable for the success of our cause, that the benefits of this great and benevolent experiment should be kept constantly before the minds of our people, that they may see the benefits, as well as the duty, of immediate emancipation. This day presents a favorable opportunity for this demonstration by us. To make this occasion useful and interesting to all parties, it seems important that we should deviate from the ordinary and stereotyped plan of orations, which are well in their place, and adopt some novel method, in which all can participate.

It is proposed that you should get up in your place an *Anti-Slavery Pic-nic.* It would be useless for me to suggest that this celebration should be conducted on strict temperance principles. The fore part of the day may be spent in declaiming, speaking dialogues, singing songs, hymns, &c., &c., after which, a procession can be formed from the Hall or Meeting-house, and march to the grove, or place where the entertainment is prepared. Original and select hymns, dialogues, poems, etc., expressly adapted for this occasion, will be furnished at a trifling expense. Banners, with appropriate anti-slavery emblems and mottos, executed upon cloth of various colors, will be furnished from 25 to 37 1-2 cents each, according to their size. Now this movement can be easily sustained, if one or two individuals will take hold of the subject with that earnestness and energy which the undertaking seems to demand. If we can get the children interested in the question of slavery—if *they* can be made to feel a deep interest in the abolition of that sys-

tem, which manufactures orphans by thousands, and tears children from their parents with an iron hand—they must necessarily exert a most powerful influence on the minds of their parents. Permit me, then, to suggest,

First. That abolitionists, and all interested in the anti-slavery question, whether they belong to your society or not, of both sexes, should be immediately convened, and this plan of celebrating the 1st of August be submitted for their consideration and adoption.

Second. That a Superintendent be appointed.

Third. That teachers in elocution and singing should also be appointed.

Fourth. That a committee should be appointed to visit the children and young people, and ascertain how many will engage in the celebration.

Fifth. Ascertain the number of banners and books, containing hymns, &c., which may be required.

Sixth. Convene the children, and those interested, for rehearsal in recitation and singing, as often as once a week, if necessary, until the day of celebration.

If this mode of celebrating *the 1st of August* does not accord with your views, I trust it will be consistent with your arrangements to make the most of this occasion, by celebrating it in some other way.

I had almost forgotten to mention that the Superintendents and Teachers of Sabbath schools, in your place, would, no doubt, render you great assistance, by interesting the children in this movement.

Very respectfully, yours, for the chained and outcast slave, John A. Collins.

For the Monthly Offering.

West India Emancipation.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Great Britain, by act of Parliament, abolished negro slavery in all her colonies, on the first of August, 1834. She made it, however, a part of the act, that the slave should continue to serve his former master for six years without wages. This apprenticeship system, as it was

called, was instituted expressly to prepare the negro for freedom ; its necessity, as well as its justice, was denied by the great body of Abolitionists at the time. It proved, as was expected, a total failure. Experience showed it useless and unneeded, as far as the slave was concerned. Antigua and Bermuda rejected it, and admitted the negro to immediate freedom. Their prosperity and quietness were unrivalled by any of the Islands. Of Jamaica and Barbadoes Prof. Hovey has remarked, "With regard to the preparation necessary for emancipation, the experiment in the West Indies shows that it is, at least, as essential on the part of the master as on that of the slave; for, in no case has the success of the experiment been endangered by the conduct of the negroes, which can, by no means, be said of the planters, especially at Jamaica."

The impossibility of securing to the new freemen the enjoyment of their rights, while the execution of the laws was necessarily so much under the influence of their former masters—expecting the wolf to guard the sheep—the atrocious, continued, and systematic violations of all the provisions of the law, not only by the cruelty of individuals, but by solemn acts of the colonial Assemblies, roused such indignation in Great Britain, that on August 1st, 1838, the whole system was abolished, and the slaves declared unconditionally and immediately free. Let us take warning by this costly example, and learn of Great Britain that the *shortest* road is always the nearest in morals, as well as in physics.

The circumstances in which justice was rendered to the slaves show the most sublime confidence, on the part of Great Britain, in the safety of doing right. It was in *islands*, four thousand miles from the shores of the mother country—swarming with a colored population ten times out-numbering their white masters. Jamaica, 378,000 colored inhabitants to 37,000 white; Barbadoes, 87,000 colored, to 15,000 whites; Antigua, 33,000 colored, to 2,000 white; and Tortola, with but 200 white people out of a population of 5,000.

It was in such circumstances that 800,000 fetters were struck off amid prophecies of bloodshed and colonial ruin, and even amid the anxious doubts of some of the friends of freedom. The Christian, with his stern confidence in principle, after an acute analysis of the circumstances, would justify the act; but the man of the world, the mere student of history, might almost be excused in doubting the experiment. Within sight of the English shores, and within the memory of those who were not yet old, there had been one example of a people's immediate emancipation from the weight of a government whose existence was known to them only by its oppression. In the first heat of that people's indignation, not only a despotic throne and corrupt priesthood, but government and religion themselves were trampled in the dust. Yet the French Revolution took place under circumstances far more favorable than those which attended the proposed experiment in the West Indies.

The French peasant was hemmed in by the brotherhood of European nations—surrounded by the education and refinement of numerous and influential classes, whom he had been accustomed to follow. For him religion had done something—education had done something—long ages of social order had done much. Burke's boasted bulwarks of modern civilization—chivalry and religion,—the spirit of Christianity and the spirit of a gentleman, might be expected to interpose a barrier against the passions of the mob. In spite of all, the guillotine bathed in blood, was the emblem of their transition state from serfs to citizens.

But the slaves of the West Indies were to be restored to freedom, not at the door of European monarchies, but far across the Atlantic—thousands of miles off from those ponderous social organizations, which might have thrown their weight into the scale in behalf of the white man, ten times outnumbered by the new-made freemen. So feeble and few in their presence that one moment's rushing recollection of a century's oppression would sweep him from the face of those islands forever. For the col-

ored man, too, Christianity had hardly included him within the circle of its sympathy, and the law had almost exiled him from the cold shield of its protection. With all these disadvantages, that experiment has been tried. Its results are written in the annals of the greatest and freest nation of the age. Let us thank God that when a shortsighted worldly prudence or natural fear might have raised their voices against it, there was found one great nation willing to trust God, that duty was safety.

The parent has rebuked the child. In the name of three million slaves among us, let us thank God that that nation was our mother country—the glass of our public opinion—the source of our literature and our religion.

When William IV. was signing the statute of Emancipation, we may imagine that a natural anxiety whispered in his ear the frightful results of such an act, painting Anarchy stalking over those islands, and leaving no trace that civilized man had ever been there—scenes of tenantless mansions and ruined towns—laborers all idle and disorderly—magistrates invoking the strong arm of the mother country to save at least the semblance of civil order amid the wreck. But what say the last travellers? The only tenantless mansions they found, were the jails—the only ruins which met their eyes were the tread-mills—the only idlers they saw, were the magistrates—the only ones whose occupations were wholly gone, were the soldiers. And who make up these regiments, to whom Great Britain entrusts her ocean gems? Colored men, who never have held arms till now.

In judging of the West India Emancipation, it should be recollected that it was an act of religious duty, not an expedient of policy—a great nation trying to do right, not seeking to increase her resources; meant to secure justice to the negro, not to increase the exports of sugar. We are sometimes told that the produce of the islands has decreased. Suppose it true, *which it is not*, no one would have a right to be surprised if they had ate all they produced in such a crisis. What should we say of one who, in 1783, had tried to prove the American Revolution a failure, and a mistake, because the exports dimin-

ished to almost nothing during the seven years of the war? Of Antigua let the following table speak:

Average of	*Hhds. Sug.*	*Pun. Molass.*	*Pun. Rum.*
5 last years of slavery,	12,189	3,308	2,468
5 first years of freedom,	13,545	8,308	1,109
1839,	22,383!	13,433!	582

If in Jamaica there has been a diminution of 1-9th of the export of sugar, it should be recollected that there has been, of course, a much greater consumption at home, and the devotion of mothers and sisters to their families and children, and to education, ought to lessen the produce, at which, who will repine? As Dr. Channing says, "Has man nothing to do but work? Are not many (everywhere) overworked?" Human happiness is not to be guaged by the hogsheads of sugar which an Island exports.

The worst enemies of abolition have not been able to show that a single drop of blood has been shed, or a single plantation fired, in consequence of emancipation in all the British West Indies.

To show the vast improvement which has taken place in the habits and conditions of the West Indian laborers, an extract from an official document which the British Government a short time since addressed to a foreign power, in answer to a statement in which the great experiment of emancipation was alluded to as having proved a failure, is given.

"It will be found that British emancipation took place without the occurrence of a single instance of tumult or disturbance; that the joy of the negroes on the 1st of August, 1838, was orderly, sober, and religious; that since emancipation the negroes have been thriving and contented; that they have varied their manner of living, and multiplied their comforts and enjoyments; that their offences against the laws have become more and more light and unfrequent; that their morals have been improved; that marriage has become more and more substituted for concubinage; that they are eager for education, rapidly advancing in knowledge, and powerfully influenced by the ministers of religion. Such are among the results of emancipation which are plain and indisputable, and these results con-

stitute, in the estimation of her Majesty's Government, and the people of England, the complete success of the British emancipation in so far as relates to the primary and paramount objects of that act."

Of the improvement which had taken place, an extract from Sir C. Metcalfe's despatch of the 10th of March, 1840, speaks as follows:

"The thriving condition of the peasantry is very striking and gratifying. I do not suppose that any peasantry in the world have so many comforts, or so much independence and enjoyment. Their behavior is peaceable, and, in some respects, admirable. They are fond of attending divine service, and are to be seen on the Lord's day, thronging to their respective churches and chapels, dressed in good clothes, and many of them riding on horseback. They send their children to school, and pay for their schooling. They subscribe for the erection of churches and chapels; and in the Baptist communities, they not only provide the whole of the religious establishment, but, by the amount of their contributions, afford to their ministers a very respectable support. Marriage is general among the people; their morals are, I understand, much improved, and their sobriety is remarkable. I am very happy to add, that in most respects, they appear to deserve their good fortune; they are, I understand, generally orderly, sober, free from crime, much improved in their moral habits, constant in the attendance at public worship, solicitous for the education of their children, and willing to pay the requisite expense."

The above show the moral condition of the former slaves, the most pleasing result of the experiment. And their sources, as well as dates, leaves no room for dispute as to the authenticity of the statements, their truth or their important bearing, as being the last news from the Islands.

The industry of the laborers in the West Indies is proved in a variety of ways; a great number have amassed property, and are included in the tax lists as holders of landed property. The number of tax-payers in the parish of Manchester, in the year 1836, was 387; 1837, 393; 1838, 438; in the year (no taxes) 1839 not given in; 1840, 1321; 1841, 1866. The number of freeholders, becoming so by the accumulations of their own in-

dustry, assessed in Jamaica, as given by Sir C. Metcalfe, were, 1838, 2014; 1840, 7848. In little more than two years after Aug. 1st, 1834, 1580 apprentices purchased their time in Jamaica alone, at the cost of $250,000. Since emancipation the negroes have become holders of landed property to the amount of $200,000, in Demerara alone.

Lord Stanley has stated in the House of Commons, that, "with regard to the slaves, the experiment had been not only successful in placing them in a situation of greater physical enjoyment, beyond the anticipations of their boldest friends, but they also proved that they had learned to turn to advantage their newly acquired gift of freedom in accumulating property, the product of their industry, and cultivating habits worthy of freemen. (Hear, Hear.) If he wanted another proof of this, he had it ready to his hand in the amount of exports to the West Indies from this country, during the period of apprenticeship subsequent to complete emancipation. The average value of the exports from this country to the West India colonies in the six years preceding emancipation, was £2,783,000. The average during the four years of the apprenticeship, 1835 to 1838, was £3,573,000. The amount during the first year of freedom, 1839, was £4,002,000, and during the second year of freedom the amount was £3,492,734.

Who, let me now ask, will say that one such hour as that which the following description records, is not more than a compensation for all the labors of Wilberforce and Clarkson, the efforts, the self-denial, the devotion of eloquent lips and burning hearts, of rich and poor, of peasant and peer, which have made the Anti-Slavery struggle in Great Britain the noblest page of human history? It attempts to describe one of the meetings on the first of August, 1834, in Antigua.

"The Wesleyans kept 'watch-night' in all their chapels on the night of the 31st of July. One of the Wesleyan missionaries gave us an account of the watch meeting at the chapel in St. John's. The spacious house was filled with candidates for liberty. All was animation and

eagerness. A mighty chorus of voices swelled the song of expectation and joy, and as they united in prayer, the voice of the leader was drowned in the universal acclamations of thanksgiving and praise, and blessing, and honor, and glory, to God, who had come down for their deliverance. In such exercises the evening was spent until the hour of twelve approached. The missionary then proposed that when the clock on the cathedral should begin to strike, the whole congregation should fall upon their knees and receive the boon of freedom in silence. Accordingly, as the loud bell tolled its first note, the immense assembly fell prostrate on their knees. All was silence, save the quivering half-stifled breath of the struggling spirit. The slow notes of the clock fell upon the multitude; peal on peal, peal on peal, rolled over the prostrate throng, in tones of angels' voices, thrilling among the desolate chords and weary heart strings. Scarce had the clock sounded its last note, when the lightening flashed vividly around, and a loud peal of thunder roared along the sky—God's pillar of fire, and trump of jubilee! A moment of profoundest silence passed—then came the *burst*—they brake forth in prayer; they shouted, they sung, "Glory," "alleluia;" they clapped their hands, leaped up, fell down, clasped each other in their free arms, cried, laughed, and went to and fro, tossing upward their unfettered hands; but high above the whole there was a mighty sound which ever and anon swelled up: it was the utterings in broken negro dialect of gratitude to God.

INSTINCTS OF CHILDHOOD.

A DIALOGUE IN TWO PARTS.

Scene I.—A large room in a country house. Mrs Nevers seated engaged in sewing,— Margaret standing by an open window, shaded with grape vines and honeysuckles. A bird cage, containing several birds hangs near. Margaret (after watching the motions of the mother-bird for some time.)

Margaret. "There, now !—there you go again ! you

little foolish thing, you! Why, what is the matter with you? I should be ashamed of myself! I should so! Hav'nt we bought the prettiest cage in the world for you? Hav'nt you enough to eat, and the best that could be had, for love or money—sponge cake, loaf sugar, and all sorts of seeds? Did'nt father put up a little nest for you with his own hands; and hav'nt I watched over you, you little ungrateful thing?—till the eggs they put there had all turned to birds—little live birds, no bigger than grass-hoppers, and so noisy, ah, you can't think! Just look at the beautiful clear water there—and the clean white sand. Where do you think you could find such water as that, or such a pretty glass dish—or such beautiful bright sand, if we were to take you at your word, and let you out with that little nest full of young ones, to shift for yourselves, *hey?*

The door opens, and Mr. Nevers enters.

Mar. "O father, I'm so glad you've come! What do you think is the matter of poor little birdy?"

[*The father looks down among the grass and shrubbery, and up into the top branches, and then into the cage—the countenance of Margaret growing more and more perplexed, and more sorrowful every moment.*]

Mar. Well, father—what is it? Does it see anything?

Mr. N. No, my love—nothing to frighten her; but where is the father bird?

Mar. He's in the other cage. He made such a to-do when the little birds began to chipper this morning, that I was obliged to let him out; and brother Bobby he frightened him into the other cage, and carried him off.

Mr. N. Was that right, my love?

Mar. Why not, father? He would'nt be quiet here, you know, and what was I to do?

Mr. N. But, Moggy, dear—these little birds may want their father to help feed them; the poor mother bird may want him to help take care of them—or to sing to her.

Mar. Or perhaps show them how to fly, father?

Mr. N. Yes, dear. And to separate them just now —how would you like to have me carried off, and put into another house, leaving nobody at home but your mother to watch over you and the rest of my little birds ?

[*Margaret muses a few moments, and then returns to the original subject.*]

Mar. But, Father, what *can* be the matter with the poor thing ?—you see how she keeps flying about, and the little ones trying to follow her—and tumbling upon their noses—and toddling about as if they were tipsy, and could'nt see straight.

Mr. N. I am afraid she is getting discontented.

Mar. Discontented! how can that be, father? Has'nt she her little ones about her, and every thing on earth she can wish ? And then, you know, she never used to be so before?

Mr. N. When her mate was with her, perhaps.

Mar. Yes, father—and yet, now I think of it, the moment these little wretches began to pee-peep, and tumble about so funny, the father and the mother both began to fly about the cage, as if they were crazy. What can be the reason? The water, you see, is cool and clear; the sand all bright: they are out in the open air, with all the green leaves blowing about them; their cage has been scoured with soap and sand, the fountain filled, and the seed-box—and—and—I declare, I cannot think what ails them!

Mr. N. My love—may it not be the very things you speak of, things which you think ought to make them happy, are the very cause of all the trouble you see? The father and mother are *separated!* How can they teach their young to fly in that cage? how teach them to provide for themselves?

Mar. But father—dear father—! [*laying her little hand upon the spring of the cage door*] dear father, *would you?*

Mr. N. And why not, my dear child? [*He stoops and kisses her.*] Why not?

Mar. I was only thinking, father. If I should let them out, who will feed them?

Mr. N. Who feeds the young ravens, dear? Who feeds the ten thousand little birds that are flying about us now?

Mar. True, father; but they have never been imprisoned, you know, and have already learned to take care of themselves!

Mrs. N. [*looking up and smiling*,] Worthy of profound consideration, my dear—I admit your plea, but have a care, lest you over-rate the danger and the difficulty in your unwillingness to part with your beautiful little birds.

Mar. Father—[*she throws open the door of the cage*]

Mr. N. Stay, my child! What you do must be done thoughtfully, conscientiously, so that you may be satisfied with yourself hereafter, when it is all over. Shut the door a moment, and allow me to hear all your objections.

Mar. I was thinking, father, about the cold rains, and the long winters, and how the poor birds that have been so long confined would never be able to find a place to sleep in, or water to wash in, or seeds for their little ones.

Mr. N. In our climate, my love, the winters are very short: and the rainy season itself does not drive the birds away; and then you know birds always follow the sun—if our climate is to cold for them, they have only to go farther south. But in a word, my love, you are to do as you would be done by. As you would not like to have me separated from your mother and you; as you would not like to be imprisoned for life, though your cage were crammed with loaf sugar and sponge cake—as you——

Mar. That'll do, father! that's enough! Brother Bobby! hither, Bobby! bring the little cage with you—there's a dear.

Scene II.—Evening, Mrs. Nevers and Margaret seated—Enter Mr. N. speaking loud as he comes forward.

Mr. N.—The ungrateful hussey! What! after all that we have done for her; given her the best room we

could spare—feeding her from our own table—clothing her from our own wardrobe—giving her the handsomest and shrewdest fellow for a husband within twenty miles of us—allowing them to live together till a child is born; and now, because we have thought proper to send him away for a while, where he may earn his keep—now forsooth! we are to find my lady discontented with her situation

Mar.—Dear father!

Mrs. N.—Hush, child!

Mr. N.—Ay, discontented—that's the word—actually dissatisfied with her condition! the jade!—with the best of every thing to make her happy; confits and luxuries she could never dream of obtaining were she free tomorrow—and always contented till now.

Mar.—And what does she complain of, father?

Mr. N.—Why, my dear child, the unreasonable thing complains just because we have sent her husband away to the other plantation for a few months: he was getting idle here, and might have grown discontented, too, if we had not packed him off. And then instead of being happier, and more thankful—more thankful to her Heavenly Father, for the gift of a man child, Martha tells me that she has just found her crying over it, calling it a little *slave*, and wishing the Lord would take it away from her—the ungrateful wench! when the death of that child would be two hundred dollars out of my pocket, every cent of it!

Mrs. N.—After all we have done for her, too!

Mr. N.—I declare I have no patience with the jade!

Mar.—Father—dear father!

Mr. N.—Be quiet, Moggy, don't teaze me now.

Mar.—But father— [*she draws her father to the window and points to the cage which still hangs there with the door wide open. He understands her and blushes—then speaks confusedly.*] Dear father! Do you see that cage?

Mr. N.—There go, be quiet, you are a child now, and must not talk about such matters until you have grown older.

Mar.—Why not, father?

Mr. N.—Why not !—Why bless' your little heart !—Suppose I were silly enough to open my doors and turn the poor thing adrift with her child at her breast—what would become of her? Who would take care of her?—who feed her?

Mar.—Who feeds the young ravens, father? Who takes care of all the white mothers, and all the white babies we see?

Mr. N.—Yes, child—but then—I know what you are thinking of; but then—there's a mighty difference let me tell you between a slave mother and a white mother—betwen a slave child and a white child.

Mar.—Yes, father.

Mr. N.—Don't interrupt me : you drive every thing out of my head. What was I going to say?—Oh—ah ! that in our long winters and cold rains, these poor things who have been brought up in our houses, and who know nothing about the anxieties of life, and have never learned to take care of themselves—and—a—a—

Mar.—Yes, father; but *could'nt they follow the sun too? or go farther south?*

Mr N.—And why not be happy here?

Mar.—But father—dear father? *How can they teach their little ones to fly in a cage?*

Mrs. N.—Child, you are getting troublesome !

Mar—And how teach their young *to provide for themselves*, father?

Mr N.—Put the little imp to bed, directly—do you hear !

Mar.—Good night, father ! good night, mother—Do AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY !

MONTHLY OFFERING.

JUNE.

The Spirit of Abolitionists.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

One thing I know full well. Calumniated, abhorred, persecuted as the abolitionists have been, they constitute the body guard of the slaveholders, not to strengthen their oppression, but to shield them from the vengeance of their slaves. Instead of seeking their destruction, abolitionists are endeavoring to save them from midnight conflagration and sudden death, by beseeching them to remove the cause of insurrection; and by holding out to their slaves the hope of a peaceful deliverance. We do not desire that any should perish. Having a conscience void of offence in this matter, and cherishing a love for our race which is "without partiality and without hypocricy," no impeachment of our motives, or assault upon our character, can disturb the serenity of our minds; nor can any threats of violence, or prospect of suffering deter us from our purpose. That we manifest a bad spirit, is not to be decided on the testimony of the southern slave-driver, or his northern apologist. That our philanthropy is exclusive, in favor of but one party, is not proved by our denouncing the oppressor, and sympathizing with his victim. That we are seeking popularity is not apparent from our advocating an odious and unpopular cause, and vindicating, at the loss of our reputation, the rights of a people who are reckoned among the offscouring of all things. That our motives are not disinterested, they who swim with the popular current, and partake of the gains of unrighteousness, and plunder the laborers of their wages, are not competent to determine. That our language is harsh, uncharitable, unchristian, they who revile us as madmen, fanatics, incendiaries, traitors, cut-throats, &c. &c. cannot be allowed to testify.

That our measures are violent, is not demonstrated by the fact that we wield no physical weapons, pledge ourselves not to countenance insurrection, and present the peaceful front of non-resistance to those who put our very lives in peril. That our object is chimerical, or unrighteous, is not substantiated by the fact of its being commended by Almighty God, and supported by his omnipotence, as well as approved by the wise and good in every age and in all countries. If the charge, so often brought against us, be true, that our temper is rancorous and our spirit turbulent, how has it happened, that, during so long a conflict with slavery, not a single instance can be found in which an abolitionist has committed a breach of the peace, or violated any law of his country? If it be true, that we are not actuated by the beest feelings of humanity, nor sustained by the highest principles of rectitude, nor governed by the spirit of forbearance, I ask, once more., how it has come to pass, that when our meetings have been repeatedly broken up by lawless men, our property burnt in the streets, our dwellings sacked, our persons brutally assailed, and our lives put in imminent peril, we have refused to lift a finger in self-defence, or to maintain our rights in the spirit of worldly patriotism?

Will it be retorted, that we dare not resist—that we are cowards? Cowards! No man believes it. They are the dastards who maintain that MIGHT makes RIGHT—whose arguments are brickbats and rotten eggs, whose weapons are dirks and bowie-knives, and whose code of justice is lynch law. A love of liberty, instead of unnerving men, makes them intrepid, heroic, invincible. It was so at Thermopylæ—it was so on Bunker Hill. Who so tranquil, who so little agitated, in storm or sunshine, as the abolitionists? But what consternation, what running to and fro like men at their very wit's end, what trepidation, what anguish of spirit, on the part of their enemies? How southern slave-mongers quake and tremble at the faintest whisperings of an abolitionist!—For, truly, "the thief doth fear each bush an officer"—and

"'Tis *conscience* that makes cowards of them all!"

O, the great poet of nature is right—

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just—
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted !"

A greater than Shakspeare certifies, that "the wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion." In this great contest of Right against Wrong, of Liberty against Slavery, who are the wicked, if they be not those, who, like vultures and vampyres, are gorging themselves with human blood? if they be not the plunderers of the poor, the spoilers of the defenceless, the traffickers in "slaves and the souls of men?" Who are the cowards, if not those who shrink from manly argumentation, the light of truth, the concussion of mind, and a fair field? if not those whose prowess, stimulated by whisky potations, or the spirit of murder, grows rampant as the darkness of night approaches; whose shouts and yells are savage and fiend-like; who furiously exclaim, "Down with free discussion! down with the liberty of the press! down with the right of petition! down with constitutional law!"—who rifle mail-bags, throw types and printing-presses into the river, burn public halls dedicated to "Virtue, Liberty and Independence," and assassinate the defenders of inalienable human rights? And who are the righteous, in this case, if they be not those who will "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them?" who maintain that the laborer is worthy of his hire, that the marriage institution is sacred, that slavery is a system accursed of God, that tyrants are the enemies of mankind, and that immediate emancipation should be given to all who are pining in bondage? who are the truly brave, if not those who demand for truth and error alike, free speech, a free press, an open arena, the right of petition, AND NO QUARTERS? if not those, who, instead of skulking from the light, stand forth in the noontide blaze of day, and challenge their opponents to emerge from their wolf-like dens, that, by a rigid examination, it may be seen who has stolen the wedge of gold,—in whose pocket

are the thirty pieces of silver, and whose garments are stained with the blood of innocence? Abolitionists cowards! when was it ever known for cowards to espouse the cause of down-trodden innocence, or to breast the tide of popular violence, or to run any hazard for the good of others? Have the Tappans, the Jays, the Smiths, the Birneys, the Welds in our cause—have the Grimkes, the Chapmans, the Motts—have any abolitionists, men or WOMEN, in any place or at any time, manifested a lack of firmness or courage, even in the most terrible emergencies? If they may not be associated with "the glorious company of martyrs," who have suffered for righteousness' sake, in all ages,—if they have not exhibited a martyr-like spirit of long-suffering, forbearance, forgiveness, uncompromising integrity, and stern endurance,—then it is because slavery has never existed in this country, and no mobs have risen up, and no lynchings have taken place, and no injury has been done to character, property or life. For is there a religious sect, (excepting the Friends,) and perhaps one or two others, or a political party without an exception, in this country, who, if they had been called to pass through *our* fiery ordeal—if their meetings had been ruthlessly invaded, and their very lives and liberties put in jeopardy by lawless ruffians—would not have stood on the defensive, and given blow for blow, and clashed weapon with weapon?

The charge, then, that we are beside ourselves, that we are both violent and cowardly, is demonstrated to be false, in a signal manner. I thank God, that "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual." I thank him, that, by his grace, and by our deep concern for the oppressed, we have been enabled, in Christian magnanimity, to pity and pray for our enemies, and to overcome their evil with good. *Overcome*, I say: not merely suffered unresistingly, but conquered gloriously.

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths!"

God grant that we may go on to the end, as we have begun! If it must be so, let the defenders of slavery still

have all the brickbats, bowie-knives and pistols, which the land can furnish; but let us still possess *all the arguments, facts, warnings and promises*, which insure the final triumph of our holy cause. Let us take unto ourselves the whole armor of God, that we may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, TO STAND —having our loins girt about with truth, and having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and *our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;* above all, taking THE SHIELD OF FAITH, wherewith we shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked; and taking the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is THE WORD OF GOD.

Picture of Slavery.

BY R. R. MADDEN.

Tell me, Senor! I somewhat calmly said,
Where shall I find the aged negro's shed,
And see the poor old slaves of the estate,
The weak, decrepid, worn-out slaves, whose fate
It is, to feel a master's care at length,
For whom they toiled thro' life, and spent their strength;
How does it happen, none are to be seen
Unfit for labor, who from age, have been
Exempt from toil and hardship, at the close
Of life, and now entitled to repose?
How does it happen, that the stranger sees
No ransomed nursling on the mother's knees,
No tender children, on the Sabbath-day
Trained to be good, poor things, or taught to pray,
No place of refuge for declining age,
In nature's course, to quit this mortal stage!

* * * * *

I'd always thought that "mayorals"* were folks
Who never laughed or deigned to deal in jokes,
But this man laughed, as if he'd reason, then
Till his great sides with laughter shook again.
At length, somewhat composed, he coolly said,
Who could have put such nonsense in your head?

* Slavedrivers.

Who ever heard of negroes getting old,
Or planters suffering female slaves to fold
Their arms, and sit like Creole ladies still,
Or taking feeble women from the mill?
You've not been long in Cuba, I suppose,
From what you say of Sabbaths and repose,
And paid not much attention, I opine,
To many matters in the planting line?
You have to learn what slaves are worth the score,
What blacks are for, and whose they are, moreo'er!
We purchase slaves to cultivate our plains,
We don't want saints or scholars to cut canes;
We buy a negro for his flesh and bone,
He must have muscle, brains, he need have none.
But where, you ask me, are the poor old slaves?
Where should they be, of course, but in their graves!
We do not send them there before their time,
But let them die, when they are past their prime.
Men who are worked by night as well as day,
Some how or other, live not to be gray
Sink from exhaustion—sicken—droop and die,
And leave the Count another batch to buy;
There's stock abundant in the slave bazars,
Thanks to the banner of the stripes and stars!
You cannot think, how soon the want of sleep
Breaks down their strength, 'tis well they are so cheap,
Four hours for rest—in time of crop—for five
Or six long months, and few indeed will thrive.
With twenty hours of unremiting toil,
Twelve in the field, and eight in doors, to boil
Or grind the cane—believe me few grow old,
But life is cheap, and sugar, sir,—is gold.
You think our interest is to use our blacks
As careful owners use their costly hacks;
Our interest is to make the most we can
Of every negro in the shortest span.
As for the women, they embroil estates,
There's never peace with them within your gates,
They're always shamming, skulking from the field,
And most abusive when their backs are wealed.

Sure to be sick when strangers pass this way,
They take advantage of us every way;
For well they know, the Conde cannot bear
The thoughts of flogging while his friends are here.
As for the talk of marriage, you must jest,
What? marry wretched negroes by a priest!
Why, sir, there's not a priest within some ten
Or twelve good leagues of the estate—and, then,
Were one to come, the Count would have to pay;
I marry all the best and cheapest way.
We have not many marriages, 'tis true,
The men are many and the females few.

The Equality of the Colored race.

BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

Sir, we are sometimes told that all these efforts will be unavailing—that the African is a degraded member of the human family—that a man with a dark skin and curled hair, is necessarily, as such, incapable of improvement and civilization, and condemned by the vice of his physical conformation, to vegetate for ever in a state of hopeless barbarism. Mr. President, I reject, with contempt and indignation, this miserable heresy. In replying to it, the friends of truth and humanity have not hitherto done justice to the argument. In order to prove that the blacks were capable of intellectual efforts, they have painfully collected a few imperfect specimens of what some of them have done in this way, even in the degraded condition which they occupy at present in Christendom. Sir, this is not the way to treat the subject. Go back to an earlier period in the history of our race. See what the blacks were and what they did three thousand years ago, in the period of their greatness and glory, when they occupied the fore front in the march of civilization—when they constituted in fact the whole civilized world of their time. Trace this very civilization, of which we are so proud, to its origin, and see where you will find it. We received it from our European ances-

tors : they had it from the Greeks and Romans, and the Jews. But, Sir, where did the Greeks and the Romans and the Jews get it? They derived it from Ethiopia and Egypt,—in one word, from Africa. Moses, we are told, was instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians. The founders of the principal Grecian cities, such as Athens, Thebes, and Delphi, came from Egypt, and for centuries afterwards, their decendants returned to that country, as the source and centre of civilization. There it was that the generous and stirring spirits of the time—Herodotus, Homer, Plato, Pythagoras, and the rest, made their noble voyages of intellectual and moral discovery, as ours now make them in England, France, Germany, and Italy. Sir, the Egyptians were the masters of the Greeks and the Jews, and consequently of all the modern nations in civilization, and they had carried it very nearly as far—in some respects, perhaps, a good deal farther than any subsequent people. The ruins of the Egyptian temples laugh to scorn the architectural monuments of any other part of the world. They will be what they are now, the delight and admiration of travellers from all quarters, when the grass is growing on the sites of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, the present pride of Rome and London.

Well, Sir, who were the Egyptians? They were Africans :—and of what race?—It is sometimes pretended, that though Africans, and of Ethiopian extraction, they were not black. But what says the father of history, who had travelled among them, and knew their appearance, as well as we know that of our neighbors in Canada? Sir, Herodotus tells you that the Egyptians were blacks, with curled hair. Some writers have undertaken to dispute his authority, but I cannot bring myself to belive that the father of history did not know black from white. It seems, therefore, that for this very civilization of which we are so proud, and which is the only ground of our present claim of superiority, we are indebted to the ancestors of these very blacks, whom we are pleased to consider as naturally incapable of civilization.

Hard Language.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

We are accused of using hard language. I admit the charge. I, for one, say in extenuation, that I have not been able to find a *soft* word in the English tongue to describe villanny, or *identify* the perpetrator of it. The man who makes a chattel of his brother—what is he? The man who keeps back the hire of his laborers by fraud—what is he? They who prohibit the circulation of the Bible—what are they? They who compel two millions of men and women to herd together, in promiscuous intercourse, like brute beasts—what are they? They who sell mothers by the pound, and children in lots to suit purchasers—what are they? I care not what terms are applied to them, provided they *do* apply. If they are not thieves, if they are not adulterers, if they are not tyrants, if they are not men-stealers, I should like to know what is their true character, and by what names they may be called. It is as mild an epithet to say that a thief is a thief, as it is to say that a spade is a spade. Words are but the signs of ideas. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Language may be misapplied, and so be absurd or unjust—as, for example, to say that an abolitionist is a fanatic, or that a slaveholder is an honest man. But to call things by their right names is to use neither hard nor improper language. Epithets may be rightly applied, it is true, and yet be uttered in a bad spirit, or with a malicious design. What then? Shall we discard all terms which are descriptive of crime, because they are not always used with fairness and propriety? He who, when he sees oppression, cries out against it—who, when he beholds his equál brother trodden under foot by the iron hoof of despotism, rushes to his rescue—who, when he sees the weak overborne by the strong, takes sides with the former, at the imminent peril of his own safety—such a man needs no certificate to the excellence of his temper, or the sincerity of his heart, or the disinterestedness of his conduct. It is the apologist of slavery—he who can see the victim of thieves lying bleeding and helpless on the cold earth, and yet

turn aside like the callous-hearted priest and Levite—who needs absolution.

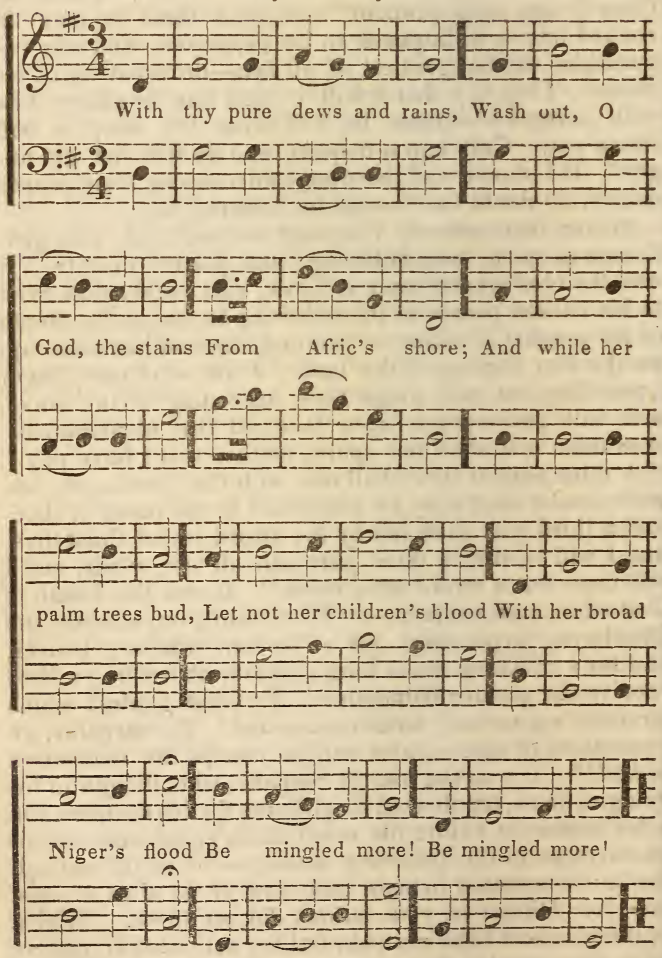
The anti-slavery cause is beset by many dangers. But there is one which we have special reason to apprehend. It is, that this hollow cant and senseless clamor about "hard language," will insensibly check that free utterance of thought, and close application of the truth, which have characterized abolitionists from the beginning. As that cause is becoming popular, and many may be induced to espouse it from motives of policy, rather than from any reverence for principle, let us beware how we soften our just severity of speech, or emasculate a single ephithet. The whole scope of the English language is inadequate to describe the horrors and impieties of slavery, and the transcendant wickedness of those who sustain this bloody system. Instead of repudiating any of its strong terms, therefore, we rather need a new and stronger dialect. Hard language! Let us mark those who complain of its use. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they will be found to be the most unscrupulous in their allegations, the most bitter in their spirit, the most vituperative in their manner of expression, when alluding to abolitionists. The cry of "hard language" has become stale in my ears. *The faithful utterance of that language has, by the blessing of God, made the anti-slavery cause what it is*—ample in resources, strong in numbers, victorious in conflict. Like the hand-writing upon the wall of the palace, it has caused the knees of the American Belshazzar to smite together in terror, and filled with dismay all who follow in his train. Soft phrases and honied accents were tried in vain for many a year:—they had no adaptation to the subject. "Canst thou draw out the leviathan, SLAVERY, with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put a hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn? Will he make many supplications unto thee? wilt thou take him for a servant forever? Shall not one be cast down at the sight of him? Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron. His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth. His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece

of the nether mill-stone: When he raiseth up himself, even the mighty are afraid. He esteemeth iron as straw and brass as rotten wood." O the surpassing folly of those "wise and prudent" men, who think he may be coaxed into a willingness to be destroyed, and who regard him as the gentlest of all fish—provided he be let alone! They say that it will irritate him to charge him with being a leviathan, he will cause the deep to boil like a pot. Call him a dolphin, and he will not get angry! If I should call these sage advisers by their proper names, no doubt they would be irritated too.

Strong denunciatory language is consistent with gentleness of spirit, long-suffering, and perfect charity. It was the God whose name is LOVE, who could speak even to his chosen people in the following terms, by the mouth of his prophet Ezekiel:—"An end, the end has come upon the four corners of the land. I will send mine anger upon thee, and will judge thee according to thy ways, and will recompense upon thee all thy abominations. And mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity." "A third part of thee shall die with the pestilence, and with famine shall they be consumed in the midst of thee: and a third part shall fall by the sword round about thee, and I will scatter a third part into all the winds, and I will draw out a sword after them." It was the Lamb of God who could exclaim,—"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widow's houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Ye blind guides! which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" It was the martyr Stephen, who, though in his dying agonies, supplicated forgiveness for his enemies, and a few moments before his cruel death could address his countrymen in the following strain:—"Ye stiff-necked, and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and ye have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers."

Prayer for the Oppressed. 6s & 4s.

By John Pierpont.



With thy pure dews and rains, &c.

With thy pure dews and rains,
Wash out, O God, the stains
From Afric's shore;
And, while her palm trees bud,
Let not her children's blood
With her broad Niger's flood
Be mingled more!

Quench, righteous God, the thirst
That Congo's sons hath cursed—
The thirst for gold!
Shall not thy thunders speak
Where Mammon's altars reek,
Where maids and matrons shriek,
Bound, bleeding, sold?

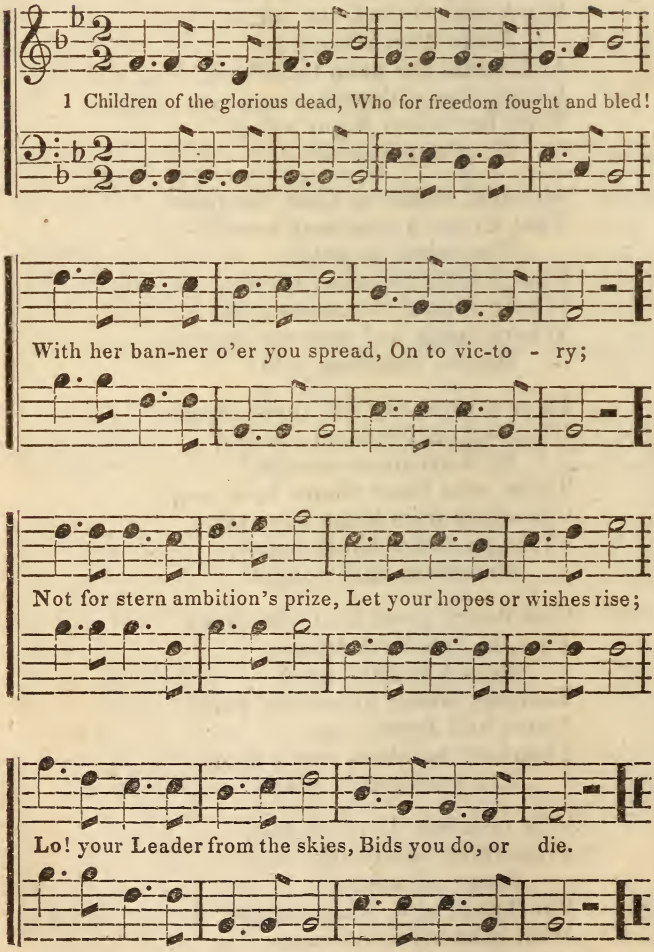
Hear'st thou, O God, those chains,
Clanking on Freedom's plains,
By Christians wrought!
Them, who those chains have worn,
Christians from home have torn,
Christians have hither borne,
Christians have bought!

Cast down, great God, the fanes
That, to unhallowed gains,
Round us have risen—
Temples, whose priesthood pore
Moses and Jesus o'er,
Then bolt the black man's door,
The poor man's prison!

Wilt thou not, Lord, at last,
From thine own image; cast
Away all cords,
But that of love, which brings
Man, from his wanderings,
Back to the King of kings,
The Lord of lords!

ON TO VICTORY. 7s & 5s.

WORDS, by *Miss S. H. S.* TUNE, *Scots wha hae.*



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Pressing on to victory.

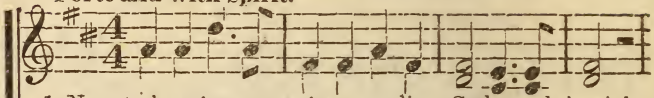
1 Children of the glorious dead,
Who for freedom fought and bled!
With her banner o'er you spread,
On to victory;
Not for stern ambition's prize,
Let your hopes or wishes rise;
Lo! your Leader, from the skies,
Bids you do, or die.

2 This is proud oppression's hour,
Storms assail you;—will you cow'r,
While beneath a despot's pow'r,
Groans the suff'ring slave?
While on ev'ry southern gale
Comes the helpless captive's tale—
Comes the voice of woman's wail,
And of man's despair?

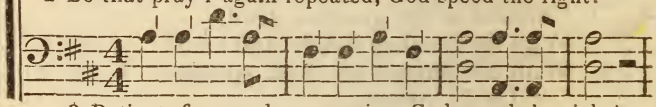
3 Never!—by your country's shame,
Never!—by a Savior's claim
To the men of ev'ry name,
Whom he died to save;
ONWARD, then, ye fearless bond!
Heart to heart, and hand to hand;
Yours shall be the patriot's stand,
Or the martyr's grave.

God Speed the Right. 8s & 4s.

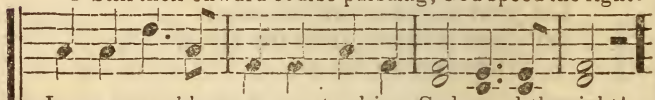
Forte and with Spirit.



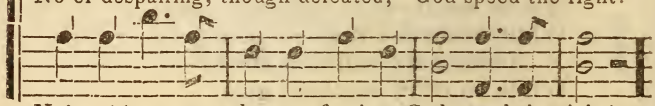
1 Now to heav'n our pray'rs ascending, God speed the right,
2 Be that pray'r again repeated, God speed the right!



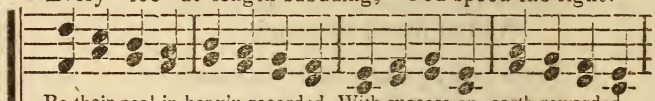
3 Patient, firm, and persevering, God speed the right!
4 Still their onward course pursuing, God speed the right!



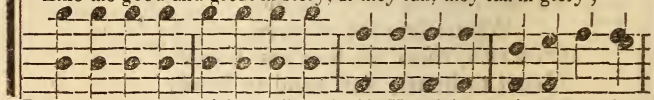
In a no - ble cause con-tend-ing, God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing, though defeated, God speed the right!



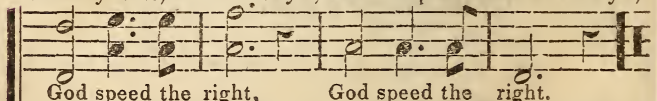
Ne'er th'event nor danger fearing, God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing, God speed the right!



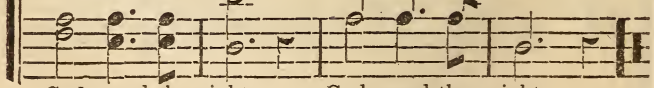
Be their zeal in heav'n recorded, With success on earth rewarded,
Like the good and great in story, If they fail, they fail in glory;



Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding, And in Heav'n's own time succeeding,
Truth thy cause, whate'er delay it, There's no power on earth can stay it,



God speed the right, God speed the right.



God speed the right, God speed the right.

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MONTHLY OFFERING.

JULY.

ADDRESS TO SLAVEHOLDERS.

BY WILLIAM RAY.

Are you republicans?—away!
'T is blasphemy the word to say.
You talk of freedom? Out, for shame!
Your lips contaminate the name.
How dare you prate of public good,
Your hands besmear'd with human blood?
How dare you lift those hands to heav'n
And ask or hope to be forgiven?
How dare you breathe the wounded air
That wafts to heaven the negro's prayer?
How dare you tread the conscious earth,
That gave mankind an equal birth?
And while you thus inflict the rod,
How dare you say there is a God
That will, in justice, from the skies
Hear and avenge his creatures' cries?
"Slaves to be sold." Hark! what a sound!
Ye give America a wound,
A scar, a stigma of disgrace,
Which you nor time can e'er efface,
And prove, of nations yet unborn,
The curse, the hatred, and the scorn!

INCONSISTENCY OF AMERICA.

BY DANIEL O'CONNELL.

The Americans, in their conduct towards the slaves, were traitors to the cause of human liberty, foul detractors of the democratic principle which he had cherished throughout his political life, and blasphemers of that great and sacred name which they pretended to recognise. For, in their solemn league and covenant, the Declaration of American Independence, they declared that all

men (he used their own words) have certain "inalienable rights"—these they defined to be, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. To maintain these, they pledged themselves with all the solemnity of an oath, in the presence of Almighty God. The aid which they invoked from heaven has been awarded to them, but they have violated their awfully solemn compact with the Deity, and set at nought every principle which they professed to hold sacred, by keeping two and a half millions of their fellow-men in bondage. In reprobation of that disgraceful conduct, his humble voice had been heard across the wide waves of the Atlantic. Like the thunder-storm in its strength, it had careered against the breeze, armed with the lightning of Christian truth. And let them seek to repress it as they may—let them murder and assassinate in the true spirit of Lynch law; the storm would wax louder and louder around them, till the claims of justice became too strong to be withstood, and the black man would stand up too big for his chains. It seemed, indeed—he hoped what he was about to say was not profanation—as if the curse of the Almighty had already overtaken them. For the first time in their political history, disgraceful tumult and anarchy had been witnessed in their cities. Blood had been shed without the sanction of law, and even Sir Robert Peel had been enabled to taunt the Americans with gross inconsistency and lawless proceedings. He differed from Sir Robert Peel on many points. On one point, however, he fully agreed with him. Let the proud Americans learn that all parties in this country unite in condemnation of their present conduct; and let them also learn, that the worst of all aristocracies is that which prevails in America—an aristocracy which had been aptly denominated that of the human skin. The most insufferable pride was that shown by such an aristocracy.

He would continue to hurl his taunts across the Atlantic. These would ascend the Mississippi, they would descend the Missouri, and be heard along the banks of the Ohio and Monongahela, till the black man would leap

had framed to prevent the instruction of their slaves. To teach a slave to read was made a capital offence. To be seen in company with a negro who could write was visited with imprisonment, and to teach a slave the principles of freedom, was punished with death. Were these human laws, it might be asked? Were they not laws made by wolves of the forest? No, they were made by a congregation of two-legged wolves—American wolves—monsters in human shape, who boast of their liberty and of their humanity, while they carry the hearts of tigers within them. With regard to the attacks which had been made upon his countrymen by such men, he rejoiced at them. These proved to him that the sufferings to which they had been subjected in the land of their birth, had not been lost upon them; but that their kindly affections had been nurtured into strength, and that they had ranged themselves on the side of the oppressed slave.

MAN CANNOT BE THE PROPERTY OF MAN.

BY LORD BROUGHAM.

Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings, of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all times—such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge; to another, all unutterable woes; such it is at this day: it is the law written by delighted to express his gratitude to those who had effected his emancipation.

If there was one thing which more than another could excite his hatred, it was the laws which the Americans

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the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy, that man can hold property in man! In vain you appeal to treaties, to covenants between nations. The covenants of the Almighty, whether the old or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions. To those laws did they of old refer, who maintained the African trade. Such treaties did they cite, and not untruly; for by one shameful compact, you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood! Yet, in despite of law and of treaties, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other pirates. How came this change to pass? Not assuredly by parliament leading the way; but the country at length awoke; the indignation of the people was kindled; it descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profits to the winds.

One word before I sit down, and that shall be in reference to those other countries which, by a singular coincidence, obtained their freedom about the same period when we began our effective struggle—the Americans having obtained their political freedom about the time when Thomas Clarkson began to agitate the question of the slave trade, and the French having obtained their restoration to freedom in the very same month when Yorkshire enabled us, by the spirit which it then exhibited, to accomplish the great object of emancipation, for which we had previously so long struggled in vain. That being the case, is it not melancholy as it regards France—is it not unspeakably mournful—nay, is it not absolutely monstrous (I use the term without meaning offence,) as regards America—is it not matter of the profoundest wonder, that in a country which boasts of being the freest (and, politically speaking, it is one of the freest on the face of the earth,) should be the country which seems to cling the most closely to the slavery of the negroes, a slavery which, when compared with the fetters which they (the Americans) so nobly burst asunder, in

their resistance to the oppressions of the mother country, may be compared to straws laid upon the back of a camel? Can this endure—can such an anomaly be perpetuated—ean so gross, so violent, so egregious an inconsistency continue among 13,000,000 of enlightened men? I pronounce it impossible. I have always stood forward as the fast friend of America. I have no doubt that the advice I now give her in the spirit of candor and friendship, will be received by her in the spirit in which it is offered.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

BY SAMUEL J. MAY.

What a day is this for the now, at last, emancipated isles of the sea! What a day is this for the oppressed and the oppressors of our own country! What a day for the blighted continent of Africa! What a day for the cause of impartial liberty—of crushed humanity throughout the world!! Thanks be to God that we have lived to see this day. Let us celebrate it. It is becoming to do so. It would be ungrateful not to. Let us celebrate this day, not by the pomp and circumstance of military parades—not by glittering shows and deafening noises—by the clattering drum—the discordant trumpet—the clangor of arms, or the booming cannon. No! oh no! the event, which shall make this day dear to the latest generations of men, was not procured by carnal weapons. It was a moral triumph—a victory achieved by the power of truth—the sword of the Spirit, the word of God. The event we this day commemorate stirs within us emotions too deep for utterance in noisy exultation. On the 4th of July let the shouts of the people, if they may, fill the air—and, as a mighty wind, rend the mountains, and break the rocks in pieces—and let the roar of cannon shake as an earthquake the solid ground:

the Lord was not in the event they thus commemorate. But the 1st of August is consecrated to the memory of an event that was accomplished not by human strength or stratagem. It was the Lord's doing—and it is marvellous in our eyes. In it we see His hand. In it we hear His still, small voice.

> "No war or battle sound
> Was heard the world around;
> But peaceful was the night,"
> In which, by moral might,
> The glorious deed was done.

Ever let this day be hallowed! It must, it will be ever hallowed by the friends of humanity—for its return will bring to especial remembrance an event more auspicious to the cause of the poor and oppressed of our race, than any other event since the advent of the Messiah. Hereafter the philanthropist will feel assured by the event of the 1st of August, that he need not despair of his object if it be a good one, and he be patient, persevering and fearless. It is not to be supposed that we can now already appreciate all the importance of the event we celebrate. We see its bearing upon the abolition of slavery in our own country, and throughout the world. In time to come, those who may be moved to attempt the extirpation of some other mighty evil yet untouched, will look back for encouragement to the success of the British Abolitionists. This has gone far to establish this most animating doctrine, which all reformers need believe, that *whatever ought to be done can be done—whatever is right is practicable.*

The abolition of slavery in the British West Indies, this day consummated, is a signal illustration of the omnipotence of truth—of the entire sufficiency of moral means to effect the subversion of the worst forms of human ill. It is a practical commentary—it is a living fulfilment of the promise of Jesus to his disciples, that if they only had faith they should remove mountains. For

what evil ever afflicted any portion of the human family, more monstrous—more mountainous—more deeply rooted—of longer standing, than slavery? In a harsher or a milder form, it has prevailed in the world from the remotest time. It originated in the barbarous practices of men who knew no better principle than that *might gives right.* Its foundations were laid in the lowest passions of the human bosom—revenge—pride—the thirst for gold—the lust of power—the love of ease. These are the base passions that gave being to slavery—and they are fostered by their offspring. The common sentiment of mankind has acquiesced in this great iniquity—and even Christian moralists have attempted its justification. No other abomination—except it be its nearest kindred, the custom of war—no other abomination is so strongly entrenched in the world as this has been for ages. But it has been successfully assailed—assailed in its worst form—at one of its strongest points—and completely carried! Blessed be God, we can say to-day completely carried!! And it needs not a prophet's vision to foresee that this is but the precursor of other and greater victories.

African slavery no longer exists under the British Crown. It has this day passed away among the things that were. It has become a matter of history.

THE AFRICAN CHARACTER.

BY W. E. CHANNING.

West India Emancipation has borne a singular testimony to the noble elements of the negro character. It may be doubted, whether any other race would have borne this trial, as well as they. Before the day of freedom came, the West Indies and this country foreboded fearful consequences from the sudden transition of such a multitude from bondage to liberty. Revenge, massa-

cre, unbridled lust, were to usher in the grand festival of Emancipation, which was to end in the breaking out of a new Pandemonium on earth. Instead of this, the holy day of liberty was welcomed by shouts and tears of gratitude. The liberated negroes did not hasten as Saxon serfs in like circumstances might have done, to haunts of intoxication, but to the house of God. Their rude churches were thronged. Their joy found utterance in prayers and hymns. History contains no record more touching, than the account of the religious, tender thankfulness which this vast boon awakened in the negro breast. And what followed? Was this beautiful emotion an evanescent transport, soon to give way to ferocity and vengeance? It was natural for masters, who had inflicted causeless stripes, and filled the cup of the slaves with bitterness, to fear their rage after liberation. But the overwhelming joy of freedom having subsided, they returned to labor. Not even a blow was struck in the excitement of that vast change. No violation of the peace required the interposition of the magistrate. The new relation was assumed easily, quietly, without an act of violence; and, since that time, in the short space of two years, how much have they accomplished? Beautiful villages have grown up. Little freeholds have been purchased. The marriage tie has become sacred. The child is educated. Crime has diminished. There are islands, where a greater proportion of the young are trained in schools, than among the whites of the slave states. I ask, whether any other people on the face of the earth, would have received and used the infinite blessing of liberty so well.

The history of West India Emancipation teaches us, that we are holding in bondage one of the best races of the human family. The negro is among the mildest, gentlest of men. He is singularly susceptible of improvement from abroad. His children, it is said, receive more rapidly than ours the elements of knowledge. How far he can originate improvements, time only can teach. His nature is affectionate, easily touched; and hence is

more open to religious impression than the white man. The European race have manifested more courage, enterprise, invention; but in the dispositions which Christianity particularly honors, how inferior are they to the African! When I cast my eyes over our southern region, the land of Bowie knives, lynch law, and duels, of "chivalry," honor, and revenge; and when I consider that Christianity is declared to be a spirit of charity, "which seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, and endureth all things," and is also declared to be "the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits;" can I hesitate in deciding, to which of the races in that land Christianity is most adapted, and in which its noblest disciples are most likely to be reared? It may be said, indeed, of all the European nations, that they are distinguished by qualities opposed to the spirit of Christianity; and it is one of the most remarkable events of history, that the religion of Jesus should have struck root among them. As yet it has not subdued them. The "law of honor," the strongest of all laws in the European race, is, to this day, directly hostile to the character and word of Christ. The African carries within him, much more than we, the germs of a meek, long-suffering, loving virtue. A short residence among the negroes in the West Indies impressed me with their capacity of improvement. On all sides I heard of their religious tendencies, the noblest in human nature. I saw, too, on the plantation where I resided, a gracefulness and dignity of form and motion, rare in my own native New England. And this is the race which has been selected to be trodden down and confounded with the brutes! Undoubtedly the negroes are debased; for were slavery not debasing, I should have little quarrel with it. But let not their degradation be alleged in proof of peculiar incapacity of moral elevation. They are given to theft; but there is no peculiar aggravated guilt, in stealing from those by whom they are robbed of all their rights, and their very persons.

They are given to falsehood; but this is the very effect produced by oppression on the Irish peasantry. They are undoubtedly sensual; and yet the African countenance seldom shows that coarse, brutal sensuality, which is so common in the face of the white man. I should expect from the African race, if civilized, less energy, less courage, less intellectual originality than in our race, but more amiableness, tranquility, gentleness, and content. They might not rise to an equality in outward condition, but would probably be a much happier race. There is no reason for holding such a race in chains; they need no chain to make them harmless.

DUTY AND SAFETY OF EMANCIPATION.

Dramatis Personæ.

JULIA MANNING, *a Young Lady.*
ALBERT CRANSTON, } *Lads.*
EDWARD SIMMONS, }
OLIVER SEWARD, *a Fugitive Slave.*

SCENE—*Edward and Julia walking in a grove—they meet Albert.*

Edward. Good evening, Albert, I am glad to see you, for we were just conversing on some subjects in which we feel no little interest, and would like to have your opinion concerning them.

Albert. Well, since there are so many things at the present day to excite our minds, it is difficult to guess, (although a yankee,) what you were speaking upon.

Edward. We were talking about the poor slaves of our country, and wondering how any one could be so destitute of the common feelings of humanity as to sanction in any way so abominable a system of oppression as American slaveholding.

Albert. Oh! I guess you are getting to be one of those hot-headed abolitionists. I wonder if you would

be willing to give up your slaves, if you had them, and work yourself in a southern sun. You could not stand it all; and then what would you do for help?

Edward. Do? I would first make my slaves free, and then hire them as I would any other men.

Albert. Yes, but that would be too expensive for your business, and bankruptcy and poverty would soon be your reward for your generosity to your slaves.

Edward. No, Albert. I believe, if the southern planters would emancipate their slaves to-night, and pay them a fair price for their labor, it would be for their interest, as much more labor will be performed by a freeman under the same circumstances, than by the same person when he feels the galling chain of bondage continually pressing on him.

Albert. Yes, but great danger would arise to the people, should the slaves be emancipated. Do you not think so, cousin Julia?

Julia. Why so, Albert?

Albert. Oh! they would wish to imitate their masters in living without work, and would soon be compelled to starve, or live by robbing and plundering every one they could lay their hands upon.

Julia. Well, Albert, you have really conjured up quite a scarecrow story. Why, this very necessity (which tends to insubordination in the slave) would stimulate the freeman—would induce him to labor—to labor willingly and cheerfully,—since he is his own master, and whatever he may earn is his own; and, with a bright prospect before him for the future, he would do more for the man who hired him, and treated him as a human being, in one week, than he he had done before in thrice that time.

Albert. Do you really think so?

Julia. Yes, I do. Let me appeal to your own feelings. Would you be the same happy, active lad, if you were put into the situation of the slave, (allowing that you had a kind master?) Would you work as cheerfully were you driven to it by a taskmaster as you now

do for your father, on his farm? Would not your better feelings be shocked, and paralyzed by such degradation?

Albert. But, Julia, the slaves are an ignorant race of beings, and, from their very nature, seem only fitted for servants.

Julia. But the slaves, if freed from the heavy yoke of bondage under which they now groan, would rise in the scale of life, and that, too, immediately.

Albert. You give more credit to the energies of the blacks than I had supposed belonged to them, under any circumstances.

Julia. We must not forget that they have always been a despised, outcast people, and have had but little chance, even when freemen, to advance much in the scale of social life.

Albert. Do you think, then, that they can be made useful citizens in the community, and stand on an equal footing with the whites?

Edward. Do you observe that well dressed, intelligent looking man, who is coming towards us? He is a fugitive slave. It is but three years since he commenced taking care of himself, yet no one is more respected for ability and activity. Let us ask him some questions.

[*Enter Oliver Seward.*]

Edward. We wish to ask you the reasons which induced you to leave your master. Was he cruel in his treatment of you?

Oliver. He was not. I had a very kind master; but it is hard to be a slave. I struggled long between my affection for my mother and brothers, and my love o liberty—and might, perhaps, have remained a slave to this day, had it not been for a flogging which I received for breaking, accidentally, one of the plantation tools. This roused my spirit, and I resolved to effect my escape, or die, rather than submit any longer.

Albert. But do you not fear that you may be sick, and unable to provide for yourself? You would then wish for the protection and care of your master.

Oliver. I hope to be able to guard against want in the case you suppose; but I would far prefer to *die* a FREEMAN, than to *live* a *slave.*

Albert. Would the slaves be contented to remain and labor for their masters, if they were made free, and offered fair wages?

Oliver. They would be glad to do so. The climate of the South is more agreeable to them than the cold winters of the Northern States, and they are attached to the places which have always been to them a home.

Albert. But would not many of the slaves retaliate the injury they may have received, upon the masters, if they were emancipated?

Oliver. Why should they? It is contrary to their nature to return injury for benefit. They would then have none but the kindest feelings towards their masters; now, they cannot but think on the wrongs they endure; and the time must come, when, if those wrongs are not redressed, the limit to their forbearance will be passed, and they will extort, by the strong hand of power, that justice so long denied. It is slavery, not freedom, which threatens violence to the masters. The happy results of emancipation in Mexico, Peru, Hayti, and the British West Indies, prove this.

Albert. But do you think, Edward, that *we* are in any way responsible for this evil, as it exists in our country?

Edward. I certainly do; for it is a moral blot on our country's fame, which we must speedily wipe out, or it will mar its glory forever.

Albert. I do believe slavery an evil, but I have not thought so deeply upon it before. The worst feature in it to my mind, however, is its cruelty in separating husbands and wives, and I had hoped that they did not feel so strong an attachment to relatives and friends as we do.

Julia. I am glad, Albert, you have mentioned that, for it is really a very sad view of the subject; you have already seen, from the conversation of our friend Oliver, that their sympathies are as strong as ours; but to my mind, the consideration that mind and soul are enslaved,

or, more properly, destroyed, by the system, is sufficient to outweigh all others.

Albert. Well, I do think we should act more consistently on so important a subject, and I will give it a better place in my heart than I have heretofore done.

Edward. I hope you will think candidly and seriously on so momentous a question, and feel yourself bound to do all in your power to atone for past neglect.

A TRIBUTE TO TRUTH.

BY PATRICK HENRY.

It is not a little surprising that the professors of Christianity, whose chief excellence consists in softening the human heart, in cherishing and improving its finer feelings, should encourage slavery—a practice so totally repugnant to the first impressions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that this abominable practice has been introduced in the most enlightened ages. Times that seem to have pretensions to boast of high improvements in the arts and sciences, and refined morality, have brought into general use, and guarded by many laws, a species of violence and tyranny, which our more rude and barbarous, but more honest ancestors, detested. Is it not amazing, that at a time, when the rights of humanity are defined and understood with precision, in a country above all others fond of liberty; that in such an age, and in such a country, we find men professing a religion the most humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconsistent with the Bible, and destructive to liberty? Every thinking, honest man rejects it in speculation; how few in practice, from conscientious motives!

Would any one believe that I am master of slaves, of my own purchase? I am drawn along by the general inconvenience of living here without them. I will not, I

cannot justify it. However culpable my conduct, I will so far pay my devoir to virtue, as to own the excellence and rectitude of her precepts, and lament my want of conformity to them.

* * * Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

THE HOLY WAR.

BY G. S. BURLEIGH.

Why rages the South, mid her bright, sunny rills,
  Where the bondman, unheeding, is bent to the sod?
Why scowls the stern North, on her rock-seated hills,
  As the spirit of Freedom is moving abroad?
Ah! vainly they trust, in their arrogant pride,
They can turn back the Truth in her conquerless tide,
While onward she rushes, majestic and free,
Like the Amazon's wave, as it sweeps to the sea.

Let them bind, if they will, the swift clouds as they run—
  The storm-bolt—the whirldwind—the tempest of hail—
Turn back the red light to its home in the sun—
  Stay the ruin that rides on the wing of the gale;
But they never shall bind, with a tyrant's command,
The Spirit of Freedom gone forth in our land,
Or fetter the Truth, as she moves through the world,
With her hand to the sword, and her banner unfurled.

The war-cry of Liberty bursts on the ear:
  Her legions are charging with fetterless speed;
Yet not in the strength of the buckler and spear,
  Or the prancing, in pride, of the iron-hoofed steed.

The weapons of death are flung down to the sod,
And the Truth in its pureness, made mighty by God
To trample the minions of error in dust,
Is their van-guard—their rear-ward—their strength, and their trust.

And shall the oppressor, uprising in wrath,
Turn back that free spirit, fast hurrying forth,
Like an angel from heaven on her merciful path,
To raise the poor bondman now crushed to the earth?
O, never! for lo, 't is the hand of the Lord
That guideth that Spirit unerring abroad;
His arm that is stretched o'er the perishing slave,
From the power of the cruel and haughty to save.

The hireling may prophesy falsely for gold,
And the traitor turn back from the field of the fight;
The shepherd sleep on, with the wolf in the fold,
While the watchmen of Zion tell nought of the night,
And the "chivalric Southrons" rise up to their aid,
With halter and faggot, with rifle and blade;
But vainly are lust of dominion and pride,
To check the strong impulse of Freedom allied.

Though the Priest and the Levite pass by and are dumb,
Her course is resistless, her triumph decreed;
On her errand of mercy to man she shall speed,
Till the day of his perfect redemption hath come—
While the blackness of darkness, its banner shall wave,
And the "damn'd howl the requiem" o'er Tyranny's grave;
And the last galling chain, on that terrible day,
In the breath of God's wrath shall be melted away.

MONTHLY OFFERING.

AUGUST.

DIALOGUE ON SLAVERY.

BY DANIEL HENSHAW.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. FREEMAN, *a New England Abolitionist.*
Rev. Dr. FULLCREED, '*an Abolitionist* BUT"—*in other words, an apologist for slavery, a member of the American Board, &c.*
Col. BOMBASTO, *a Slaveholder from the South.*
THOS. TURNWELL, Esq., *a Planter from Barbadoes, formerly a Slaveholder.*
Miss PATRON, *a Distinguished Lady from the South, formerly a Slaveholder.*

SCENE—*An Anti-Slavery Room in Boston, where a number of persons are assembled to make arrangements preparatory to the Celebration of the First of August.*

[*Enter Mr. Freeman and Rev. Dr. Fullcreed.*]

Rev. Dr. Fullcreed. Mr. Freeman, I understood you were to hold an informal meeting here this morning, preparatory to your celebration, and for free and friendly conversation among the friends of anti-slavery. Although I do not agree with you in all your *measures*, you know I am friendly to the cause ; and as it is your practice to admit opponents as well as friends to a free discussion of our principles, I would introduce Col. Bombasto, a friend of mine, now at my house, a slaveholder, from the South. He was on his way to New Hampshire, but hearing of your celebration, he has made his calculation to be present, provided there is no objection. The Colonel is a *very exemplary Christian*, and a member of the Rev. Dr. Fullrobe's church in Savanah, where I often visit, where I have a daughter and many friends, and where I am always treated with the utmost hospitality and kindness.

Mr. Freeman. Very well, Dr., bring on your slaveholding friend. We shall be glad to see and hear you

both. A goodly number of our anti-slavery friends from a distance are already here, among whom are Mr. Turnwell, a wealthy and distinguished planter from Barbadoes, formerly a slaveholder; and Miss Patron, an intelligent lady of family and rank, from the South. *We* have no dread of seeing and meeting our opponents; aye, and of laying our hearts open before them—of telling them all our principles, views and feelings. If a slaveholder comes into our meeting, *we* are not seized with horror and filled with fearful apprehensions of the result. We do not order him out of our meeting, and send a mob to seize him, drag him to prison and to court to be tried as a criminal. No; so far from sending him away, we invite him to a seat, and a part in our discussions. And we are also glad to see *you*, Doctor, and as many of your reverend and learned associates as choose to be present, although you keep the subject of slavery out of your churches, and refuse to read our notices from your pulpits, and forget to mention the condition of the poor, oppressed slave in your prayers, while you are so fervently praying for the heathen abroad, and raising money to send him the gospel.

Rev. Dr. Fullcreed. Why, as to keeping slavery out of the church, out of the pulpit and our prayers, Mr. Freeman, I know you abolitionists have been in the habit of making objections, but there are difficulties attending the introduction of slavery. Some of our church members think it improper, and we dread getting the church divided by introducing exciting topics. For the same reason we omit the notices and prayers. But for the poor heathen there is no objection against praying or paying.

Mr. Freeman. So you are governed by the fear of man, rather than the fear of God. The solemn injunction, "Break every yoke and let the oppressed go free," has no application to you. Let me tell you, Doctor, there is too much of the Priest and Levite, and not enough of the good Samaritan, in our modern clergy. They turn aside from present distress, to relieve distant

sufferers. "This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone." But you are afraid of "dividing the church"—afraid of doing your duty—you cannot trust in God for the result. *I* say, a corrupt church *ought to be* divided, and the offensive members cast out. "*First* pure, *then* peaceable," is the doctrine, as I read it. If an eye offend thee, pluck it out; even if a *right hand* offend, it should be *cut off*, and severed from the body. If we are to have blind leaders of the blind, we may expect the *ditch* will have its due. Priests that love the praises of men—that love to be called Rabbi, and love the uppermost seats in the synagogues, are as plenty in these days as they were in the days of Christ; and I had almost said, our churches seem as much lost to the *spirit*, and bound up in the *forms* of religion, as were the Jews of old. So long as you fellowship men-stealers, thieves and robbers, in your churches, you will find it difficult to perform your whole duty; and especially if the fault is more in *yourselves*, Doctor, you will be inclined to omit "the weightier matters of the law."

Rev. Dr. Fullcreed. I think you call our brethren of the South by hard names. Your language generally is too harsh toward slaveholders. I do not think they are so bad, or so much to blame, as you represent. Many of them are good Christians——but hold! Here comes my friend from the South, whom I mentioned. He can speak for himself. Col. Bombasto, shall I make you acquainted with Mr. Freeman.

Mr. Freeman. I am glad to see you, sir. [*They advance and shake hands.*]

Rev. Dr. Fullcreed. Mr. Freeman is one of our principal abolitionists, and was just calling me to an account for not refusing to fellowship such men as yourself, who hold your fellow-men in bondage. You can now speak for yourself, Colonel, and I wish you would give your own views as to slavery, as to slaves, and the justice and propriety of holding them in bondage.

Col. Bombasto. Why, as to my views, gentlemen, I

can give them freely, and in a few words. I believe, first, that the slaves are better off now than they would have been in Africa. Second, that they are incapable of taking care of themselves. Third, that if there is any thing wrong in slavery, we are free from the guilt, for the slaves were forced upon us by the British Government, while we were under that authority. The slaves are well provided for—are treated with kindness—and are, many of them, church members, and good Christians, and are contented and happy. The northern people are wrongly informed on this subject. The slaves fare better than your free people of color do here in New England. I verily believe that the negroes were born to be slaves, and that the Bible itself clearly sanctions slavery. Our most pious people are slaveholders. I believe that liberty, in its purity, cannot exist without slavery—that a personal knowledge and constant sight of slavery is necessary to teach men the value of liberty—that men of the North know nothing of slavery, and have nothing to do with it. These are my sentiments. I should now like to hear yours, Mr. Freeman.

Mr. Freeman. So you make God a respecter of persons, and a God of injustice. You consider liberty the greatest blessing on earth, and yet you are willing, and think it right, that a large portion of the human family should be deprived of it, because God has clothed them with a different *dress*—a darker skin. I believe as you do, and much more abundantly, as to the *value* of liberty. I believe that all men ought to possess it—that all are "born free and equal;" and as to your throwing off the responsibility of slavery from yourselves to the British Government, Colonel, it is quite out of the question. When we threw off the British Government, and adopted a free government, you *might*, and *should*, as some of the states *did*, throw off this, the worst and most barbarous feature to be found under the old government. Even the British themselves have since rid themselves of this ignominy, at great expense. As to the consistency of slavery with religion, I think even your good friend Dr.

Fullcreed will hardly go with you in sentiment. But I see here Miss Patron, a friend to religion, formerly a slaveholder, from the South. As you will not allow that northern people know any thing of slavery, or have any thing to do with it, we will hear what one of your own southern sisters will say on the subject. Miss Patron, permit me to introduce you to Col. Bombasto, from Georgia, who has just been entertaining us with a eulogy on the glories of slavery, especially its consistency with religion, and its benign and happy effects on Christianity. Let us, if you please, have your views, founded, as they are, on experience.

Miss Patron. Does Col. Bombasto pretend to say that the influence of slavery is favorable to religion ?

Mr. Freeman. Yes. He says your most pious people are slaveholders, and many ot the slaves are church members, and good Christians—are well provided for, and contented and happy. Now I should like to know your opinion.

Miss Patron. Well, I must say in the outset, that I cannot agree with Col. Bombasto in any of these assertions. It is true, there are some slaveholders who are not guilty of any of the more aggravated cruelties which are common, and who provide well for their slaves. This is especially true with regard to many of the house servants.

Col. Bombasto. Well, Miss Patron, I wish you would give us such facts as have come within your own knowledge, and such as may be relied on. Have you ever seen or known of any outrageous conduct toward slaves ? Are not many owners of slaves members of the same church with their slaves, and kind-hearted and exemplary Christians ?

Miss Patron. Why, Col. Bombasto, my knowledge in this respect has not been very extensive, but those I have known, Christian professors as well as others, have considered it a part of their duty to whip with severity their slaves for very trifling offences. This I say of *house* slaves. It is generally acknowledged, and never

disputed, that *field* slaves are treated with greater hardship and cruelty.

Col. Bombasto. But give us facts, Miss Patron—something which may be relied upon. What are the facts relating to the piety and exemplary walk of slaveholders ?

Miss Patron. Well, Col. Bombasto, I have just been reading the testimony of Mrs. Angelina Grimke Weld on this very subject ; and as she will be allowed by all to be good authority, and has the happy talent of expressing herself with great clearness, I will use her own language. She says : [*Reading.*]

"I saw *nothing* of slavery in its most vulgar and repulsive forms. I saw it in the *city*, among the fashionable and the honorable, where it was garnished by refinement, and decked out for show. A few *facts* will unfold the state of society in the circle with which I was familiar, far better than any general assertions I can make.

"I will first introduce the reader to a woman of the highest respectability—one who was foremost in every benevolent enterprise, and stood for many years, I may say, at the *head* of the fashionable elite of the city of Charleston, and afterwards at the head of the moral and religious female society there. It was after she had made a profession of religion, and retired from the fashionable world, that I knew her ; therefore I will present her in her religious character. This lady used to keep cowhides, or small paddles, (called pancake sticks,) in four different apartments in her house ; so that when she wished to punish, or to have punished, any of her slaves, she might not have the trouble of sending for an instrument of torture.

"For many years, one or another, and often more, of her slaves were flogged *every day;* particularly the young slaves about the house, whose faces were slapped, or their hands beat with the 'pancake stick,' for every trifling offence—and often for no fault at all. But the floggings were not all; the scoldings and abuse daily heaped upon them all, were worse : 'fools' and 'liars,'

'sluts' and 'husseys,' 'hypocrites' and 'good-for-nothing creatures,' were the *common* epithets with which her mouth was filled, when addressing her slaves, adults as well as children. Very often she would take a position at her window, in an upper story, and scold at her slaves while working in the garden, at some distance from the house, (a large yard intervening,) and occasionally order a flogging. I have known her thus on the watch, scolding for more than an hour at a time, in so loud a voice that the whole neighborhood could hear her; and this without the least apparent feeling of shame. Indeed, it was *no disgrace among slaveholders*, and did not in the least injure her standing, either as a lady or a Christian, in the aristocratic circle in which she moved. After the 'revival' in Charleston, in 1825, she opened her house to social prayer-meetings. The room in which they were held in the evening, and where the voice of prayer was heard around the family altar, and where she herself retired for private devotion thrice each day, was the very place in which, when her slaves were to be whipped with the cowhide, they were taken to receive the infliction; and the wail of the sufferer would be heard, where, perhaps only a few hours previous, rose the voices of prayer and praise. This mistress would occasionally send her slaves, male and female, to the Charleston workhouse, to be punished. One poor girl, whom she sent there to be flogged, and who was accordingly stripped *naked* and whipped, showed me the deep gashes on her back—I might have laid my whole finger in them—*large pieces of flesh had actually been cut out by the torturing lash.* She sent another female slave there, to be imprisoned, and worked on the tread-mill. This girl was confined several days, and forced to work the mill while in a state of suffering from another cause. For ten days, or two weeks after her return, she was lame, from the violent exertion necessary to enable her to keep the step on the machine. She spoke to me with intense feeling of this outrage upon her, as a *woman.* Her men-servants were sometimes flogged there; and so exceedingly offensive

has been the putrid flesh of their lacerated backs, for days after the infliction, that they would be kept out of the house—the smell arising from their bodies being too horrible to be endured. They were always stiff and sore for some days, and not in a condition to be seen by visitors."

Mr. Freeman. Well, Colonel, as this lady was "at the head of fashion and of the moral and religious society," you will admit this to be a fair specimen of the piety you spoke of.

Col. Bombasto. It is a pretty strong case, I must acknowledge, and pretty well authenticated.

Mr. Freeman. She appears to have shown her faith by her works. This, too, let it be remembered, was the fashion in Charleston, the most learned and refined city in all the South. If this is a specimen of the most exalted and refined piety, what must it be among the vulgar? Verily, their tender mercies are cruelty.

Col. Bombasto. It is strange that I have never seen such instances; when I have lived at the South all my days.

Mr. Freeman. It is strange, indeed. But, Colonel, this case is mildness itself compared with some that we could relate, which come to us equally well authenticated. A gentleman who has resided several years at the South as a teacher and preacher, gives no better account of the Rev. Mr. Davis, who, it will be recollected, came all the way from Georgia to attend our anti-slavery anniversaries in Boston, in 1841, and who was treated with great attention and respect by our pro-slavery clergymen, and with great forbearance and candor by the anti-slavery people. But the same gentleman relates an anecdote which took place under his own eye and observation. He was in company with a slaveholding church-member, when one of his slaves, who was also a member of the same church, was seen returning home very early one morning, which showed that he had been away the night before, contrary to rule. Without ask-

ing the slave why he had been absent, or giving him any opportunity to tell why, or to defend himself, he called his bloodhounds and set them on to this poor slave and brother church-member, and ordered them to tear him to pieces. The poor slave got himself into a corner of the fence, and there, with a walking-stick, or club, which he held in his hand, kept them off till he found they were like to kill him, when he succeeded in getting on the top of the fence, all the time begging for his life. On this, the master and brother church-member drew his pistol, and told him him he would shoot him dead if he did not surrender himself to the bloodhounds, which he did: and, after being shockingly lacerated and mangled by these fierce animals, this master, this monster, called them off. The slave was then permitted to give an account of himself. He was a millwright—a very ingenious workman, as well as an industrious, faithful, honest slave, and exemplary Christian. A neighbor had broken the wheel of his mill. There was no other man but this slave who could mend it, and it was necessary it should be done without delay. He was sent for, but could not finish the work till into the night, when, by the slave laws, it was a high crime for him to go home, and he was compelled, after finishing the work, to stay till day-light. After this very satisfactory account, and in view of the inhuman cruelty and torture inflicted upon him, this monster master, and church-member, was asked why he suffered the bloodhounds to mangle and lacerate the slave, when he coolly replied, it would have hurt the training of the bloodhounds, and set them a bad example, to have called them off without doing their work!

Col. Bombasto. And yet, Paul sent back a slave to his master, Philemon.

Mr. Freeman. Yes, and Paul also cautioned his brethren to "beware of dogs" But if the church-members in those days had been as much like bloodhounds as "our southern brethren," Paul, instead of sending back the slaves, would have cautioned them to beware of their masters. Perhaps he had reference to these

monsters in the shape of men, when he said, "beware of *dogs*."

Col. Bombasto. Well, whatever others may have done, I am willing *my* slaves should tell how they have been treated. I know they are attached to their master, and I am willing, Mr. Freeman, that you should inquire of them. I have a female slave now with me in Boston, who came on from the South with me, and I defy you, Mr. Freeman, or any of your anti-slavery folks, to get her away. In fact, they made the attempt last year, (for she has been on here before now,) and they got out a writ of habeas corpus and took her, but she would not hear a word about leaving her master. She loves him and her own condition too well.

Mr. Freeman. Not too fast, sir; the abolitionists can tell you a story worth two of that. Your boasted slave has already left you: she went home last year only to see her husband, concert measures for clearing him, and bringing away her own substance—all of which she has already accomplished. She is free; and, the next you will know, her husband will be free also. So you see, Colonel, by this instance, that the love of liberty is naturally implanted in the human breast, so deeply, too, that even *your* good treatment cannot restrain them, when liberty is once set before them.

Col. Bombasto. [*Aside.*] Is it possible that all this can be true? [*then turning to Mr. F.*] Well, whatever delusion may be carried to the slaves' minds in the sound of liberty, I belive they are incapable of taking care of themselves—that they were born to be slaves—and that if they were set at liberty, a general slaughter of the whites would be the inevitable consequence.

Mr. Freeman. Why so in the slave states, any more than in the West India Islands, where the proportion of the blacks is much greater. [*Enter Mr. Turnwell.*] But here comes Mr. Turnwell, a planter from one of those Islands, who was once a slaveholder, and can tell us all about the revolution and its effects on those Islands. Mr. Turnwell, let me introduce you to Col. Bombasto, a

slaveholder from Georgia, who has just been expatiating on the glories of slavery, and the danger of immediate abolition. You are the very man to give us the result of your own experience, which I wish you would do directly, as it is about time we were gone.

Mr. Turnwell. Well, I must confess I have some compassion for the poor deluded *slaveholders.* I was formerly one myself, and thought, as they now think, that there is no safety in setting at liberty a large body of slaves, as they would retaliate upon us, and cut their masters' throats. Truth has taught me, that it is never too late to repent of doing wrong—that it is always safe to do right. Our colored people bear a much larger proportion to the whites than in your southern states; and when they were all to be set at liberty at once, we were under the most fearful apprehensions for the consequences. We smile now, when looking back on those groundless fears. The poor slaves were too much overjoyed at the result to harbor any malice, envy, or ill-will, toward their former masters. It is enough that the servant be as his master. The large sum which was paid us by the English Government we also feel to be a gratuity, for without pay, the slaveholders would have been greatly benefitted. The slaveholders needed liberty as well as their slaves, and they received it at the same time. They are now free from the care and anxiety of supporting their workmen, and of much of the expense. They accomplish much more labor than they did while in bondage, and support themselves at a less expense. That is, 100 hogsheads of sugar cost the master less now, in the free state, than it did formerly in the slave state. At the same time, crimes are greatly diminished, and morals improved. In fact, our jails are now nearly useless. Churches and schools are multiplying, and we now know the luxury of living in peace, harmony and happiness. There is no part of the world where a person could sleep all night with his doors unlocked, with a trunk full of gold and silver in the doorway, unlocked, with more safety than in the island where I live. Let me assure

my friend Col. Bombasto, that slavery, from beginning to end, in all its bearings, is a miserable delusion—a mere work of the devil. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Slavery must pass away.

WORDS *by Montgomery.*

1. Let Mammon hold, while Mammon can, The bones and blood of

2. The end will come, it will not wait, Bonds, yokes and scourges

liv-ing man; Let despots scorn, while des-pots dare, The shrieks and

have their date; Slavery itself must pass a - way, And be a

writhings of des - pair, The shrieks and writhings of des - pair.

tale of yes-ter - day, And be a tale of yes - ter - day.

Last night of Slavery.

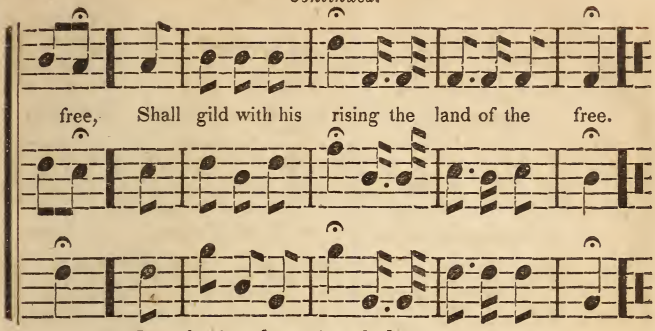
1. Let the floods clap their hands, Let the mountains rejoice!

And let all the glad lands Breathe a jubilant voice! The sun, that now

sets on the waves of the sea, Shall gild with his rising the land of the

Last night of Slavery.

Continued.



2 Let the bondmen be glad!
For their King in his might,
Who his glory hath clad
With a garment of light,
In the waters the beams of his chambers hath laid,
And in the green waters his pathway hath made.

3 No more shall the deep
Lend its awe-stricken waves,
In their caverns to steep
Its wild burden of slaves;
The Lord sitteth King, sitteth King on the flood,
He heard, and hath answer'd the voice of their blood.

4 Dispel the blue haze,
Golden fountain of morn!
With meridian blaze
The wide ocean adorn;
The sunlight has touch'd the glad waves of the sea,
And day now illumines the land of the free.

The day of Jubilee.

Words *by A. J. Duncan.*

1. It comes! the joy-ful day, When Tyranny's proud sway,

2. Trump of glad Ju - bi - lee! E-cho o'er land and sea,

Stern as the grave, Shall to the ground be hurl'd; And Freedom's flag, unfurl'd,

Freedom for all! Let the glad tidings fly, And ev-'ry tribe re-ply,

Shall wave through-out the world, O'er ev - 'ry slave.

"Glo - ry to God on high!" At Sla-very's fall.

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MONTHLY OFFERING.

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The Duty of Abolitionists.

Much, very much has been said in relation to the wrong-doing of the slaveholders, and of their duty to grant immediate and unconditional emancipation to their oppressed vassals. If slavery, with impious hands, lays hold of the temple of God's truth, prostrates the whole fabric, and tramples upon every commandment in the decalogue; if it forces man to labor solely for another's benefit, without wages; if it does violence to every sentiment of the human breast, by sundering wives from their husbands and children from the embrace of their parents; if it closes up every avenue to the understanding, and dries up the spontaneous outgushings of the soul; if it deprives them of the knowledge of the Bible, the light of heaven, and the hopes and consolations of the gospel; if it compels men and women to herd together like the beasts that perish; if, in a word, it takes from his head the crown of glory which God has placed upon the brow of every immortal soul, and degrades him to the condition of a brute—*a thing:* I ask if the demand we make of the slaveholder is unreasonable? It is made in the name of Republicanism, of eternal Justice, and of the benign and peaceful principles of Christianity. It is made because we believe it is always safe and expedient to do justly. It is not made for the slave alone, but for his master also. The evils which fall upon him are nearly as great as those which weigh down the subjects of his

oppression. It has been well said, that "whoever fastens one end of a chain around the limb of his fellow creature, fixes at the same time the other end around his own neck." This is most emphatically true of the slaveholder. I will not dwell on the haughty and overbearing spirit which slavery creates in the bosom of the slaveholder—the ignorance and effeminacy it engenders—the licentiousness it encourages—the spirit of jealousy, murder and revenge it produces—the hypocrisy, irreligion and blasphemy it begets, and the indescribable cruelty, wrong and outrage it causes. I will view it alone in the light of the fear it produces, and which, like the nightmare, weighs upon the bosom of the entire slaveholding community. Fix your eye upon some slaveholding city. Observe the *patrol*, armed with blunderbusses, swords, bowie-knives and other instruments of death, threading the streets and coursing up and down the lanes. They are as jealous of a whisper as if a formidable invading army had quartered within the limits of the city. Witness the master as he retires to rest at night. Why stands that loaded rifle by his head? Why is that brace of pistols placed beneath his pillow? Why that drawn sword across the foot of his cot? Why does he startle in his midnight slumbers, and his heart leap in his bosom and struggle for his mouth, at the sound of a voice, the rustling of a leaf, or the rattling of a window? The great poet has said:

"The thief doth fear each bush an officer."

Every one knows that

"Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt:"

For all are conscious that they retain in their midst a

population, which has no knowledge of law or religion, but as instruments to oppress them; and who, from the relations they sustain, must necessarily be their inveterate enemies. Who can dissent from the sentiment of Cowper?

> "I would not have a slave to till my ground,
> To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
> And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
> That sinnews bought and sold have ever earned.
> No! dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
> Just estimation prized above all price,
> I had much rather be myself the slave,
> And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him."

If we have no regard for the slave whatever, the situation of the master should urge us, by every motive to use all the powers which God has invested in us to bring this bloody system to a speedy termination.

In view of this brief and meagre description, I ask if the demand which the abolitionists make upon slaveholders, to give immediate and unconditional freedom to the victims of oppression, is either unjust or too pressing? Is it not in accordance with sound philosophy and religion? There is a capital of twelve hundred millions of dollars invested in this great republic in the blood and bones of our fellow-countrymen. Though I cannot allow, for a moment, that man, created in the image of his God, can be held as property, yet, it must be allowed, that their slave-property is, to them, equal to the same amount invested in any other manner. We call upon them to give this enormous sum to the cause of truth and of freedom. We urge them to do, what they consider would bankrupt themselves for the sake of principle.

Any one who has any conceptions of the glory and the beauty of liberty, the degradation, sorrow and suffering consequent upon slavery, will intuitively pronounce these requisitions to be just. But are the slaveholders the only persons who are called upon to make sacrifices to this cause? Is there nothing for *us* to do? Is it the slaveholder alone who sustains this system? A clear analysis of our relations to the South, and of the political history of this nation from the time the federal constitution was adopted to the present moment, would demonstrate most conclusively, that the powers of the general government, and the diplomacy of the country have been prostituted to the protection of this enormous system. How is it possible that two hundred and fifty thousand feeble and effeminate masters could hold in subjection two millions and a half of healthy and robust people, without assistance from other quarters? Slavery, sir, is protected and sustained by the public sentiment of the free states. Through ignorance, and prejudice, which is founded in ignorance, the American people are practically confederated to sustain a system of bondage, "one hour of which," says Thomas Jefferson, "is fraught with more misery than ages of that which our fathers rose in rebellion to oppose." Never will the South look this system in the face, with a view to its abolition, until a regenerated and enlightened public sentiment shall press it upon them for their consideration. They have an imagined interest in its continuance, as well as the prejudice of education in its favor. God works by human instrumentalities. To us he has committed this great work. Upon our efforts the hopes, not only of three millions of bondmen and bondwomen are suspended, but the liberties and destinies of a great nation of 17,000,000 of freemen.

I said that slavery was sustained by public opinion based on the ignorance of the people as to the nature of the system and the means employed for its overthrow. Will you believe me when I affirm, that there are hundreds of towns where our principles have never been enunciated? The day of jubilee may be hastened or postponed almost at our pleasure. It cannot be rationally expected that men will become interested until their minds are called to the subject by those who understand the system in all its bearings and influence. "How shall they believe," says the apostle, "in whom they have not heard; and how shall they hear without a preacher; and how shall he preach unless he be sent?" Could our publications and periodicals be scattered broadcast over the face of the whole land—could the voice of the living speaker be heard, simultaneously, in every town and parish in the free states, and this great question forced upon the attention of the people, by precept upon precept, in a few short months, the moral sentiment would be created, which would show no quarter to American slavery—which would withdraw from it all countenance, connection and fellowship, and would demand, in the name of God and outraged humanity, that every yoke should be broken and the oppressed be set free. What excuse can we render that this has not been done? What reason can we offer that it should not now be done? We have the men who would go forth could they be encouraged and sustained. The same sacrifice on the part of the abolitionists which they demand of the slaveholder would raise the standard of our principles throughout the entire country, and press into our ranks the old and young, the rich and poor—the learned and illiterate men,

women and children, of all classes and conditions, who would, with spirit and enthusiasm, prosecute the work until liberty should be proclaimed "throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

We see the importance of our enterprize. Let us be consistent. Let us show our devotion to the great principles we advocate by generous contributions, at all times, to carry forward the work of moral regeneration. Let us demonstrate by our acts that we love the cause of truth more than our reputation, and our liberty more than gold or silver.

Degrading Influences of Slavery.

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other. Our children see this and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive either in his philanthropy or his self-love, for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms, the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives loose to his worst passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. And with what execration should the statesman be loaded, who permitting one half the citizens thus

to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots, and these into enemies, destroys the morals of the one part, and the amor patriæ of the other? For if the slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labor for another: in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavors to the evanishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. With the morals of the people, their industry also is destroyed. For in a warm climate no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves, a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labor. And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God? That they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events: that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest.

What an incomprehensible machine is man! Who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose.

* * * When the measure of their tears shall be full—when their cries shall have involved heaven itself in darkness—doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and by diffusing a light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length by his exterminating

thunder, manifest his attention to things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality.

Duty of Emancipation.

BY WILLIAM PICKNEY.

Iniquitous, and most dishonorable to our country, is that dreary system of partial bondage, which her laws have hitherto supported with a solicitude worthy of a better object, and her citizens by their practice countenanced.

Founded in a disgraceful trafic, to which the parent country lent her fostering aid, from motives of interest, but which even she would have disdained to encourage, had England been the destined mart of such inhuman merchandise, *its continuance is as shameful as its origin.*

Wherefore should we confine the edge of censure to our ancestors, or those from whom they purchased? Are not we EQUALLY *guilty*? *They* strewed around the seeds of slavery—*we* cherish and sustain the growth. *They* introduced the system—*we* enlarge, invigorate, and confirm it.

That the dangerous consequences of this system of bondage have not as yet been felt, does not prove they never will be. At least, the experiment has not been sufficiently made to preclude speculation and conjecture. To me, sir, nothing for which I have not the evidence of my senses is more clear, than that it will one day destroy that reverence for liberty, which is the vital principle of a republic.

While a majority of your citizens are accustomed to rule with the authority of despots, within particular limits; while your youth are reared in the habit of thinking that the great rights of human nature are not so sacred but they may with innocence be trampled on, can it be expected that the public mind should glow with that generous ardor in the cause of freedom, which can alone

save a government like ours from the lurking demon of usurpation? Do you not dread the contamination of principle?

The example of Rome shows that slaves are the proper, natural implements of usurpation, and therefore a serious and alarming evil in every free community. With much to hope for by a change, and nothing to lose, they have no fear of consequences. Despoiled of their rights by the acts of government and its citizens, they have no checks of pity, or of conscience, but are stimulated by the desire of revenge, to spread wide the horrors of desolation, and to subvert the foundation of that liberty of which they have never participated, and which they have only been permitted to envy in others.

But where slaves are manumitted by government, or in consequence of its provisions, the same motives which have attached them to tyrants, when the act of emancipation has flowed from them, would then attach them to government. They are then no longer the creatures of despotism. They are bound by gratitude, as well as by interest, to seek the welfare of that country from which they have derived the restoration of their plundered rights, and with whose prosperity their own is inseparably involved. All apostacy from these principles, which form the good citizen, would, under such circumstances, be next to impossible.

Address to Colored Soldiers.

BY GENERAL JACKSON.

Soldiers! When on the banks of the Mobile, I called you to take up arms, inviting you to partake the perils and glory of your white fellow-citizens, I expected much from you; for I was not ignorant that you possessed qualities most formidable to an invading enemy. I knew with what fortitude you could endure hunger and thirst,

and all the fatigues of a campaign. I knew well how you loved your native country, and that you had, as well as ourselves, to defend what man holds most dear—his parents, relations, wife, children and property. You have done more than I expected. In addition to the previous qualities I before knew you to possess, I found, moreover, among you a noble enthusiasm, which leads to the performance of great things.

Soldiers! The President of the United States shall hear how praiseworthy was your conduct in the hour of danger, and the Representatives of the American people will, I doubt not, give you the praise your exploits entitle you to. Your General anticipates them in applauding your noble ardor.

The enemy approaches; his vessels cover our lakes; our brave citizens are united, and all contention has ceased among them. Their only dispute is, who shall win the prize of valor, or who the most glory, its noblest reward.

The Anti-Slavery Call.

TUNE—"*When I can read my title clear.*"

1. Come join the Ab - o - li - tion-ists, Ye young men bold and
And with a warm and cheer-ful zeal, Come, help the cause a-

strong, long; } Come, help the cause a - long . . Come, help the cause a-

long, And with a warm and cheerful zeal, Come, help the cause a-

The Anti-Slavery Call.

(Continued.)

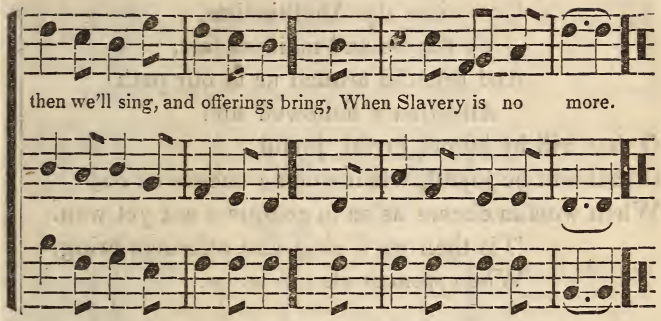
long; O that will be joyful, joy-ful, joy - ful,

O that will be joy-ful, When Sla - v'ry is no more, When

Sla-v'ry is no more, . . When Slav'ry is no more, 'Tis

The Anti-Slavery Call.

(Continued.)



2. Come join the Abolitionists,
Ye men of riper years,
And save your wives and children dear,
From grief and bitter tears;
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, when Slavery is no more,
When Slavery is no more.
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When Slavery is no more.

3. Come join the Abolitionists,
Ye men of hoary heads,
And end your days where Liberty,
Its peaceful influence sheds;
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, when Slavery is no more,
When Slavery is no more.
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When Slavery is no more.

The Anti-Slavery Call.

(CONTINUED.)

4 Come join the Abolitionists,
Ye dames and maidens fair,
And breathe around us in our path
Affection's hallowed air:
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, when woman cheers us on,
When woman cheers us on to conquest not yet won.
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When woman cheers us on.

5 Come join the Abolitionists,
Ye who the weak enslave,—
Who sell the father, mother, child,
Whom Christ has died to save!
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, when chains are forged no more,—
When Slavery is no more, our happy land all o'er;
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When Slavery is no more.

6 Come join the Abolitionists,
Ye sons and daughters all
Of this our own America—
Come at the friendly call;
O that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that will be joyful, when all shall proudly say,
This, this is Freedom's day—Oppression, flee away!
'Tis then we'll sing, and offerings bring,
When Freedom wins the day!

Unchain the Laborer.

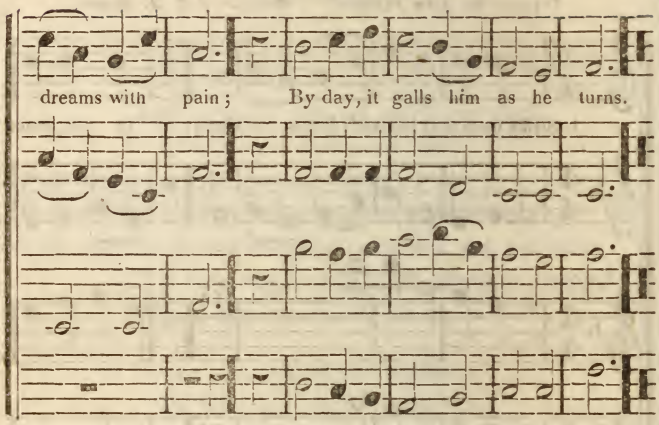
WORDS—*by John Pierpont.* MUSIC—*by G. A. Hewes.*

1. Strike from that laborer's limbs his chain! In the fierce

sun the i - ron burns; By night, it fills his

Unchain the Laborer.

(Continued.)



2. Yes, and *your* dreams it visits too,
When Fear stands o'er your restless bed,
And shakes it in your ears, till you
Tremble, as at an earthquake's tread.

3. The chain, that binds to you your slave,
Binds you to him, with links so strong,
That you must wear it to your grave,
If, all your days, you do him wrong.

4. Then break his chain, and let him go,
And, with the spirit of a man,
Earn your own bread; and you shall know
Peace, that you know not now, nor can.

5. Yea, from his body, and your soul,
Throw off the load, while yet you may;
Thus strive, in faith, for heaven's high goal,
And wait, in hope, the Judgment Day.

MONTHLY OFFERING.

OCTOBER.

The African Character.

BY W. E. CHANNING.

West India Emancipation has borne a singular testimony to the noble elements of the negro character. It may be doubted, whether any other race would have borne this trial, as well as they. Before the day of freedom came, the West Indies and this country forboded fearful consequences from the sudden transition of such a multitude from bondage to liberty. Revenge, massacre, unbridled lust, were to usher in the grand festival of Emancipation, which was to end in the breaking out of a new Pandemonium on earth. Instead of this, the holy day of liberty was welcomed by shouts and tears of gratitude. The liberated negroes did not hasten, as Saxon serfs in like circumstances might have done, to haunts of intoxication, but to the house of God. Their rude churches were thronged. Their joy found utterance in prayers and hymns. History contains no record more touching, than the account of the religious, tender thankfulness which this vast boon awakened in the negro breast. And what followed? Was this beautiful emotion an evanescent transport, soon to give way to ferocity and ven geance? It was natural for masters, who had inflicted causeless stripes, and filled the cup of the slaves with bitterness, to fear their rage after liberation. But the overwhelming joy of freedom having subsided, they returned to labor. Not even a blow was struck in the excitement of that vast change. No violation of the peace required the interposition of the magistrate. The

new relation was assumed easily, quietly, without an act of violence; and, since that time, in the short space of two years, how much have they accomplished? Beautiful villages have grown up. Little freeholds have been purchased. The marriage tie has become sacred. The child is educated. Crime has diminished. There are islands, where a greater proportion of the young are trained in schools, than among the whites of the slave states. I ask, whether any other people on the face of the earth would have received and used the infinite blessing of liberty so well.

The history of West India Emancipation teaches us that we are holding in bondage one of the best races of the human family. The negro is among the mildest, gentlest of men. He is singularly susceptible of improvement from abroad. His children, it is said, receive more rapidly than ours the elements of knowledge. How far he can originate improvements, time only can teach.

His nature is affectionate, easily touched; and hence is more open to religious impression than the white man. The European race have manifested more courage, enterprise, invention; but in the dispositions which Christianity particularly honors, how inferior are they to the African! When I cast my eyes over our southern region, the land of bowie knives, Lynch law, and duels, of "chivalry," honor and revenge; and when I consider that Christianity is declared to be a spirit of charity, "which seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil, and endureth all things," and is also declared to be "the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits;" can I hesitate in deciding, to which of the races in that land Christianity is most adapted, and in which its noblest disciples are most likely to be reared? It may be said, indeed, of all the European nations, that they are distinguished by qualities opposed to the spirit of Christianity; and it is one of the most remarkable events of history, that the religion of Jesus should have struck root among them. As yet it has not

subdued them. The "law of honor," the strongest of all laws in the European race, is, to this day, directly hostile to the character and word of Christ. The African carries within him, much more than we, the germs of a meek, long-suffering, loving virtue. A short residence among the negroes in the West Indies impressed me with their capacity of improvement. On all sides I heard of their religious tendencies, the noblest in human nature. I saw, too, on the plantation where I resided, a gracefulness and dignity of form and motion, rare in my own native New England. And this is the race which has been selected to be trodden down and confounded with the brutes! Undoubtedly the negroes are debased; for were slavery not debasing, I should have little quarrel with it. But let not their degradation be alleged in proof of peculiar incapacity of moral elevation. They are given to theft; but there is no peculiar aggravated guilt, in stealing from those by whom they are robbed of all their rights, and their very persons. They are given to falsehood; but this is the very effect produced by oppression on the Irish peasantry. They are undoubtedly sensual; and yet the African countenance seldom shows that coarse, brutal sensuality, which is so common in the face of the white man. I should expect from the African race, if civilized, less energy, less courage, less intellectual originality than in our race, but more amiableness, tranquility, gentleness, and content. They might not rise to an equality in outward condition, but would probably be a much happier race. There is no reason for holding such a race in chains; they need no chain to make them harmless.

It has been our intention, for a long time, to write out in full the thrilling narration which Miss Wilson has so beautifully embodied in verse. In our next number, if

circumstances permit, we shall relate some of the circumstances connected with it.

The Fugitives from Injustice, in Boston.

BY SUSAN WILSON.

They came through perils, only known
  To those, who, guided by the ray
Of one bright star to lands unknown,
  Find unimagined dangers thrown
  Around their paths, and, day by day,
  Start as they seem to hear the bay
Of blood-hounds following their track,
  Urged on by men more fierce than they,
And listen for the murderous shot,—
But death, e'en such a death, is not
  Fear'd, as they fear the coming day,
May see them borne to bondage back.

Such dangers and such fears were pass'd,
They stood amid kind friends at last.
Nor only friends—for *there* was one,
A woman, who long since had thrown
Her fetters off—and dream'd no more,
Of meeting those she loved before;
But she had found the one most dear,
  Her mother to her arms was given!
And warmly, almost wildly, she
  Pour'd forth her soul-felt thanks to heaven.

There were four others,—men, still young,
Whose spirits, past endurance stung
By countless, nameless wrongs,—at length
  Trusted that He, who gave *a star*
To guide their way, would give them strength
  To gain a home and freedom far
Beyond the reach of *their* control,
Who fetter body, heart and soul.

Then hundreds gather'd round, to hear
  The tale of trials each could tell,

And one spoke of a wife and child
  In bondage with him,—lov'd so well,
He risk'd his life, and theirs to gain
Freedom from the galling chain.
And gratefully of one he told;
Who promised, in a vessel's hold,
To carry them conceal'd away—
  His wife and child in safety there
  He placed, and hasten'd to prepare
For joining them another day.
But when again he reach'd the shore,
The ship he sought was seen no more,
  T'was sailing far away!
And he—he would not pause to tell
Of grief, and fear, and doubt that fell
Upon his heart,—nor how their spell
He broke, with courage nought could quell
  For he had caught a ray
Of Hope, with speechless rapture fraught,
Had heard the wife, the child he sought,
Were in Toronto safe—and he
With them, please Heaven, ere long would be.

That mother, then, and daughter, told
  Their tales,—nor could restrain
Their fervent gratitude and joy
  That they had met again,
Had met amid the kind, the free,
And, more than all—at liberty.

An old man rose—his crown was bald,
  But locks, by time and sorrow bleach'd,
In snow-white curls, on either side
  Down, even to his shoulders reach'd.
He too had been a slave, and long
Had borne unmurmuringly the wrong,
The lengthen'd task, the wanton blow,
And much that only slaves can know;
But e'en in his degraded lot,

He found one bright, one happy spot,
Found flowers upon his pathway strewn—
A wife and children were his own!
His own,—alas! how vain the trust,
  Which the confiding slave reposes
On those who trample in the dust,
The laws of kindred and of love,
Of men on earth, and Heaven above,—
  How vain such trust, each day discloses!

Of change, of poignant grief he told,
They sold his wife—one child they sold,
  And left him only one;
And oh, how closely did his heart,
(With all beside thus forced to part,)
  Cling round that much lov'd son!
He was a gentle, noble boy,
And soon with deep, but fearful joy,
His father mark'd his spirit high,
And stronger, stronger grew the tie,
  Which their lone spirits bound,—
It soften'd e'en the deep regret
For those they never could forget,
And in their sadden'd lot were yet,
  Bright gleams of pleasure found.

Pleasure, that soon was swept away,—
  For, from his arms the boy they tore,
He too was sold—and on that day,
  Enjoyment, even hope was o'er,
There was not left a single ray,
  To light the gloom of bondage more.

And then he vow'd to break his chain,
Or, should the attempt be made in vain,
Even the threaten'd death would be
Prefer'd to life in slavery.
The first attempt *did* fail, and all
  They'd threatened, was endured,—save death
The bloody lash just ceasd to fall,

In time to spare the failing breath.
But added, tortures moved him never
From his firm purpose,—and when strength
Return'd, he strove again to sever
His soul-felt fetters, and at length
Toil, danger, fear were past, and he
Stood thankfully among the free.

"Since then," he added, "many a year
Has pass'd— I could not *happy* be,
For memory dwelt on them so dear,
For ever, ever lost to me.
Yet I have been resign'd and calm,
No worldly hopes or fears came o'er me,
For grief like mine earth has no balm,
And light from Heaven was beaming o'er me.
But feelings that I fancied slept
Forever have awaken'd—I
With spirit deeply moved, have wept,
In thankfulness,——and sympathy
With those this day has reunited;
But while I share their grateful joy,
I think how all *my* hopes were blighted,
When parted from my noble boy.
My boy! oh, could I meet him now,
But place my hand upon his brow,
And say, 'dear John you're mine,'—and know
No tyrant's will could bid us part,
What perfect happiness would flow
Upon my desolated heart."

The old man ceased, but ere was past
The echo of the words he'd spoken,
The breathless silence gathering there,
By words that thrill'd each heart was broken,—
"*Father!* MY FATHER!"——it was he,
So loved, so mourn'd,—his long lost son,
Who rush'd into his arms,—among
Those welcome strangers, he was one.

Let Fancy—no, to paint the rest,
The o'erflowing feeling of each breast,
Her brightest, richest hues would fail,—
Go list when ——— tells the tale,
With quivering lip, and moisten'd eye,
With noble, deep, and gen'rous feeling,
To every tender sympathy,
With matchless eloquence appealing;
Listen, and feel, however lowly
The pathway of the slave may be,
No clouds of earth can shut out wholly,
The light of Love, and Liberty.

Then higher raise your beacon fires,
His northward way to guide and cheer,
Teach southern despots that their dark
Heaven-daring laws are powerless here;
Here—where with fervency are breathed
From countless spirits players toHeaven,
That turning from their guilt-mark'd course,
They may repent, and be forgiven.

Montgomery County, Penn.

The Mysterious Artist.

Dramatis Personæ.

MURILLO, *a Celebrated Spanish Painter.*
FERDINAND, CARLOS, GONZALO, MENDEZ, and CORDOVA, *his Students.*
SEBASTIAN, *a Young Mulatto, about fourteen years of age,* } *Slaves of Murillo.*
GOMEZ, *his Father,* }

SCENE I.—*Interior of the Studio of Murillo—Morning. Several Students have just entered.*

Gonzalo, (*angrily.*) Pray, gentlemen, which of you remained behind in the studio last night?

Cordova. What an absurd question? Don't you recollect that we all went away together?

Gonzalo. This is a foolish jest, gentlemen. Last evening I cleaned my palette with the greatest care, and now it is as dirty as if some one had used it all night.

Carlos. Look! here is a small figure in the corner of my canvass, and it is not badly done. I should like to know who it is that amuses himself every morning with sketching figures, sometimes on my canvass, sometimes on the walls. There was a fine one on your easel yesterday, Ferdinand.

Ferdinand. And my pencils are quite wet. Truly, strange things go on here in the night.

Gonzalo. Do you not think, like the negro Gomez, that it is Zombi, who comes and plays all these tricks?

Mendez. Truly, if the Zombi of the negroes draws in this manner, he would make a beautiful head of the virgin in my picture of the Descent from the Cross. (*Approaching his easel,*) Beautiful!

Murillo (*enters.*) Ah! what is the matter?

[*The pupils all bow to the great master.*]

Students. Look, Senor Murillo, look!—(*pointing to the easel of Mendez.*)

Murillo (*eagerly.*) Who has painted this? Who has painted this, gentlemen? Speak! tell me! He who has sketched this virgin will one day be master of us all. Murillo wishes he had done it. What a touch! what delicacy! what skill! Mendez, my dear pupil, was it you?

Mendez (*sorrowfully.*) No, Senor.

Murillo. Was it you, then, Gonzalo, or Ferdinand, or Carlos?

(*They answer alternately.*) No.

Murillo (*impatiently.*) It could not come here, however, without hands.

Cordova. I think, sir, that these strange pictures are very alarming. To tell the truth, such wonderful things

have happened before in your studio, that one scarcely knows what to believe.

Murillo. What are they?

Ferdinand. According to your orders, Senor, we never leave the studio without putting every thing in order; but when we return in the morning, not only is every thing in confusion, our brushes filled with paint, our pallettes dirtied, but here and there are sketches, sometimes of the head of an angel, sometimes of a demon, then again the profile of a young girl, or the figure of an old man; but all admirable, as you have seen yourself, Senor.

Murillo. This is certainly a curious affair, gentlemen, but we shall soon learn who is this nightly visitant. (*He calls aloud,*) Sebastian?

[*Sebastian enters.*]

Murillo. Did I not desire you to sleep here every night?

Sebastian (*timidly.*) Yes, master.

Murillo. And have you done so?

Sebastian. Yes, master.

Murillo. Speak, then; who was here last night and this morning, before these gentlemen came? (*Sebastian hesitates.*) Speak, slave, or I shall make you acquainted with my dungeon.

Sebastian (*trembling.*) No one, master, no one.

Murillo (*angrily.*) That is false. Listen to me; I wish to know who has sketched the head of this virgin, and all the figures which my pupils find here every morning. This night, instead of going to bed, you shall watch; and if by to-morrow you do not discover who the culprit is, you shall have seventy-five strokes from the lash. You hear! now go and grind the colors; and you, gentlemen, to work.

SCENE II.—*Studio at night—Sebastian leaning against an easel—his father enters unperceived and advances towards him.*

Sebastian (*in a melancholy tone.*) Why do you come here, father?

Gomez. To keep you company, Sebastian.

Sebastian. There is no need, father; I can watch alone.

Gomez. But what if the Zombi should come?

Sebastian. I do not fear him, father.

Gomez. He may carry you away, my son; and then poor Gomez will have no one to console him in his slavery.

Sebastian (*weeping bitterly.*) Oh! how sad, how dreadful it is to be a slave!

Gomez (*with resignation.*) It is the will of God.

Sebastian. God! I pray constantly to him, father, that we may no longer be slaves. But go to bed, father; and I shall go to mine in this corner, and shall soon fall asleep. Good night, father, good night.

Gomez. And are you really not afraid of the Zombi, Sebastian;

Sebastian. My father, that is a superstition of our country. God does not permit supernatural beings to appear on earth.

Gomcz. Why, then, when the pupils asked you who made the sketches, did you say it was the Zombi?

Sebastian. To amuse myself, father, and to make them laugh; that was all.

Gomez. Then good night, my son. (*He kisses him and retires.*)

Sebastian (*alone.*) Seventy-five lashes to-morrow, if I do not tell who sketched these figures, and perhaps more if I do. O my God, come to my aid! (*He throws himself on his bed and falls asleep.*)

SCENE III.—*Sebastian awakes at day break.*

Sebastian (*rousing himself.*) Courage, courage, Sebastion; three hours are thine—only three hours; then profit by them; the rest belong to thy master, slave! Let me at least be my own master for three short hours; so begin; these figures must be effaced. (*He seizes a brush*

and approaches the easel. The picture appears in the soft light of morning, more beautiful than ever.) No! I will die first! Efface this! they dare not—neither dare I. No! that head! she breathes! she speaks! It seems as if her blood would flow if I should offer to efface it, and I should be her murderer. No, no, no; rather let me finish it.

(*He seizes a pallette, and seats himself at the easel, and becomes absorbed in his occupation. Murillo and his pupils enter unperceived and watch him.*)

Sebastian (*to himself.*) Another touch—a soft shade here—now the mouth—yes, there! it opens!—those eyes, they pierce me through!—what a forehead!—what delicacy! Oh! my beautiful—(*He turns suddenly, and is horror-struck on perceiving his master.*)

Murillo (*sternly.*) Who is your master, Sebastian?

Sebastian (*trembling.*) You, Senor.

Murillo (*astonished,*) It cannot be; I never gave you lessons.

Sebastian (*more boldly.*) But you gave them to others, and I listened to them.

Murillo (*kindly.*) And you have done more than listen; you have profited by them. (*To his pupils.*) Gentlemen, does this boy merit punishment or reward?

Pupils (*together.*) A reward, Senor.

Murillo. That is well; but what shall it be?

Mendez. Ten ducats, at least.

Ferdinand. No, a beautiful new dress for the next holiday.

Murillo. Speak, Sebastian; are these things not to your taste? Tell me what you wish for. I am so much pleased with your composition, that I will grant any request you may make. Speak, then, do not be afraid.

Sebastian (*clasping his hands imploringly.*) Oh! master, if I dared!

Cordova (*encouragingly.*) Ask gold, Sebastian.

Mendez. Ask rich dresses, Sebastian.

Carlos. Ask to be received as a pupil, Sebastian.

Gonzalo. Ask the best place in the studio.

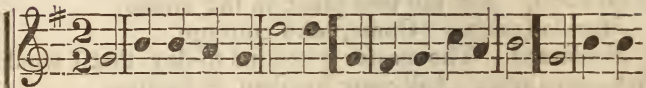
Murillo (*gaily.*) Come, take courage.

Ferdinand. The master is so kind to-day, that I would risk something. Ask your freedom, Sebastian.

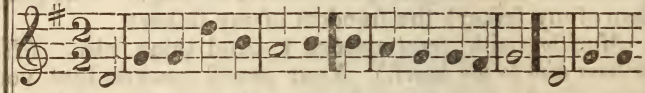
Sebastian (*at the feet of his master, sobbing.*) The freedom of my father! the freedom of my father!

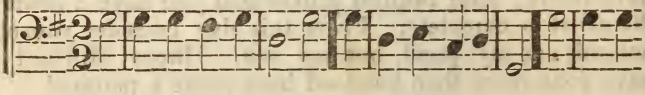
Murillo (*with great emotion.*) And thine also. (*He presses him to his heart.*) Your pencil proves that you have talent; your request proves that you have a heart; the artist is complete. From this day consider youself not only as my pupil, but my son. Happy Murillo! I have done more than paint—I have made a painter!

Children pleading for the Slave.

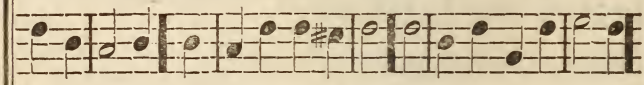


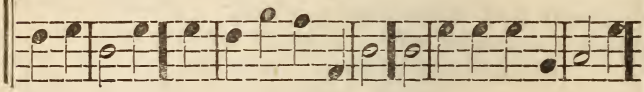
1. God of the wide cre - ation, Of air, and earth, and sea, Accept the





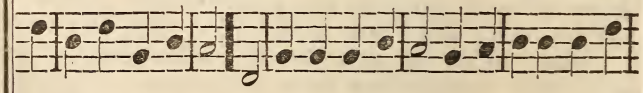
young obla-tion, We children bring to thee. We come, thy sons attending,





ALTO.

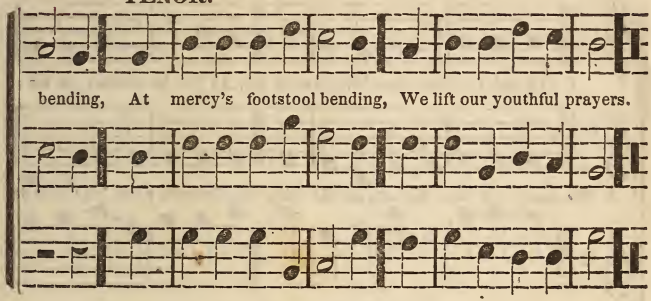
And join our notes with theirs; At mercy's footstool bending, At mercy's footstool



Children pleading for the Slave.

(Continued.)

TENOR.



2 And will the Lord of glory,
  Who dwells beyond the sky,
Regard our humble story,
  And answer from on high?
He will! for he hath told us
  In his eternal word,
He always doth behold us
  His ears have ever heard.

3 When Samuel bow'd before him,
  And clasp'd his hands and pray'd,
God taught him to adore him,
  And heard the pray'r he said;
Now, Samuel's God is near us,
  Where we have met to day;
He bows his ear to hear us,
  And teaches us to pray.

4 Then bless, Great God of heaven!
  The helpless, bleeding slave;
Let light and truth be given,
  His darken'd soul to save;
And speed, good Lord! the season,
  When Slavery's reign shall end,
And masters, sway'd by reason,
  Shall call the slave their friend.

Prayer of the Abolitionist.

WORDS—*by John Pierpont.* MUSIC—*by G. A. Hewes.*

1. We ask not that the slave should lie, As lies his master, at his

2. We mourn not that the man should toil; 'Tis Nature's need, 'tis God's de

ease, Beneath a silken can-o-py, Or in the shade of blooming trees.

cree; But let the hand that tills the soil, Be, like the wind that fans it, free.

3. We ask not "eye for eye,"—that all
Who forge the chain, or ply the whip,
Should feel their torture, while the thrall
Should wield the rod of mastership.

4. We only ask, O God, that they,
Who bind a brother, may relent;
But, Great Avenger, we do pray
That the wrong-doer may repent.

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FREEMEN, AWAKE!

WORDS *by Maria W. Chapman.*

1. Hark! hark! it is the trum-pet call, "Rise in the
2. "The hour hath come to do and dare, Bound with the
3. Stream forth from all your mountains green, Pour like a
4. A migh-ty sound the re - gion fills, A voice from

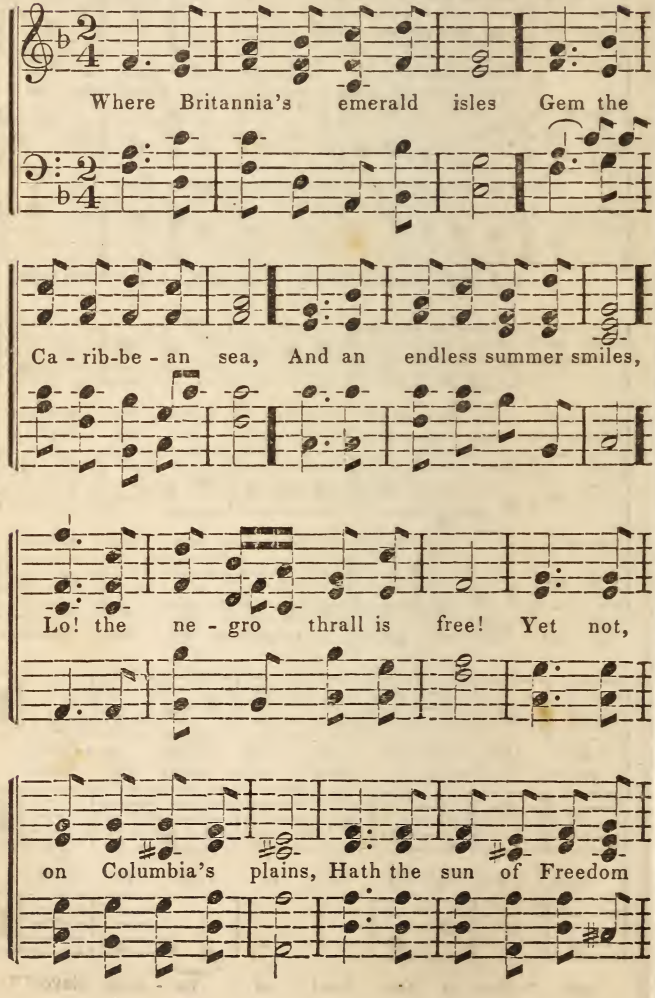
name of God Most High!" On rea - dy hearts the ac-cents
bond-men now are we; We'll pour a - loft the migh-ty
flood from ev - 'ry height; With kindling hearts and voi-ces
all our fath - er's graves, It comes from all these thousand

fall, And firm and full they make re - - ply;
prayer, We'll bend in God's own house the knee."
keen, Swell high the song of truth and right.
nills "Woe to the land of hu - man slaves!"

For the First of August.

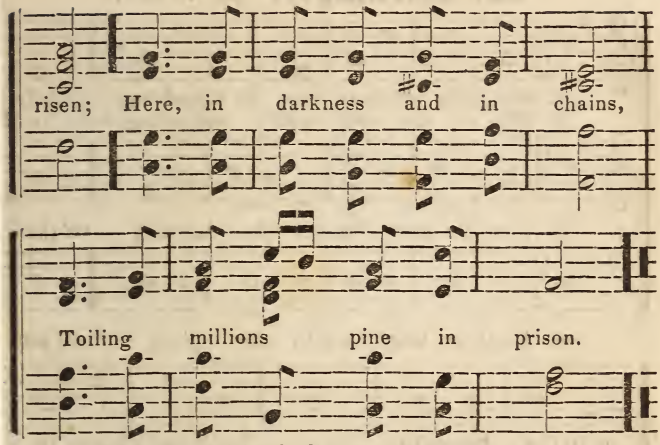
MUSIC BY BAKER.

WORDS, *written for the Anti-Slavery Picnic, by* JOHN PIERPONT.



For the First of August.

(Continued.)

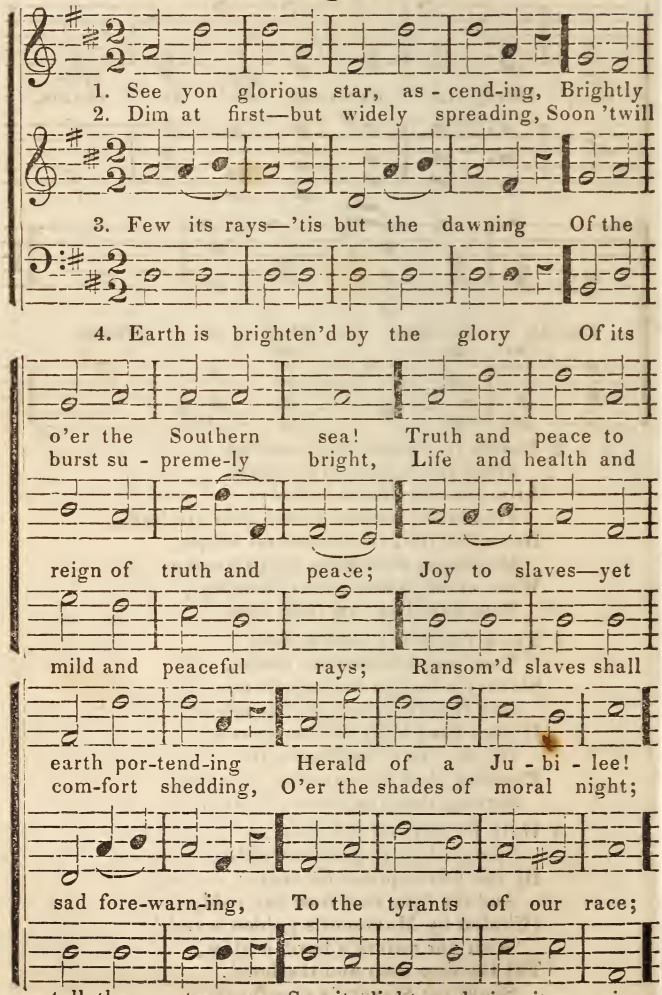


2 Shout, ye islands disenthralled!
Point the finger, as in scorn,
At a country that is called
Freedom's home—where men are born,
Heirs, for life, to chains and whips;
Bondmen, who have never known
Wife, child, parent, that their lips,
Ever dared to call their own.

3 Yet a *Christian* land is this!
Yea, and ministers of Christ,
Slavery's foot in homage kiss,
And their brother, who is priced
Higher than their Saviour, even,
Do they into bondage sell;
Pleading thus the cause of Heaven,
Serving thus the cause of Hell.

4 Holy Father, let thy word,
Spoken by thy prophets old,
By the pliant priest be heard;
And let lips, that now are cold,
(Chilled by Mammon's golden wand,)
With our nation's burden glow,
Till the free man and the bond,
Shout for Slavery's overthrow.

The Harbinger. 8s, 7s & 4.



SOLO.

Hail it, Free - men! Hail it, Free-men!
Hail it, Bond - men! Hail it, Bond-men!

SOLO.

Tremble, Tyrants! Trem - ble, Tyrants!

Hail it, Christians! Hail it, Christians!

TUTTI.

'Tis the star of Lib - er - ty—
Slavery can - not bear its sight—

Soon your cru - el pow'r will cease—

Har - bin - ger of bet - ter days—

'Tis the star of Lib - er - ty.
Sla - very can - not bear its sight.

Soon your cru - el pow'r will cease.

Har - bin - ger of bet - ter days.

The Dawn of Liberty.

WORDS *by Dunbarton.*

Andante. *Treble Voice.*

1. Freeman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are!
2. Freeman! tell us of the night, Does its star approach our land?
3. Freeman! shall our fetter'd race Cease to wear the galling chain?

Tenor Voice.

Bondman! Lo! Britannia's light, Freedom's glory - beaming star!
Bondman! mark yon dawning light; Lo! the breaking day's at hand;
Bondman! lo! the God of grace Comes to end thy tyrant's reign.

Treble Voice.

Freeman! do its blessed rays Promise good to slaves like me?
Freeman! can these beams alone Bid our dreadful bondage cease?
Freeman! can it—can it be? Shall we share the glorious name?

Tenor Voice.

Bondman! yes, its glorious blaze Lights your path to lib-er - ty.
Bondman! GOD is on the throne, He will bring thee quick release.
Bondman! yes, thou shalt be free—Spread thy great Deliv'rer's fame.

The Dawn of Liberty.

(Continued.)

Chorus to 1st and 2d stanzas.

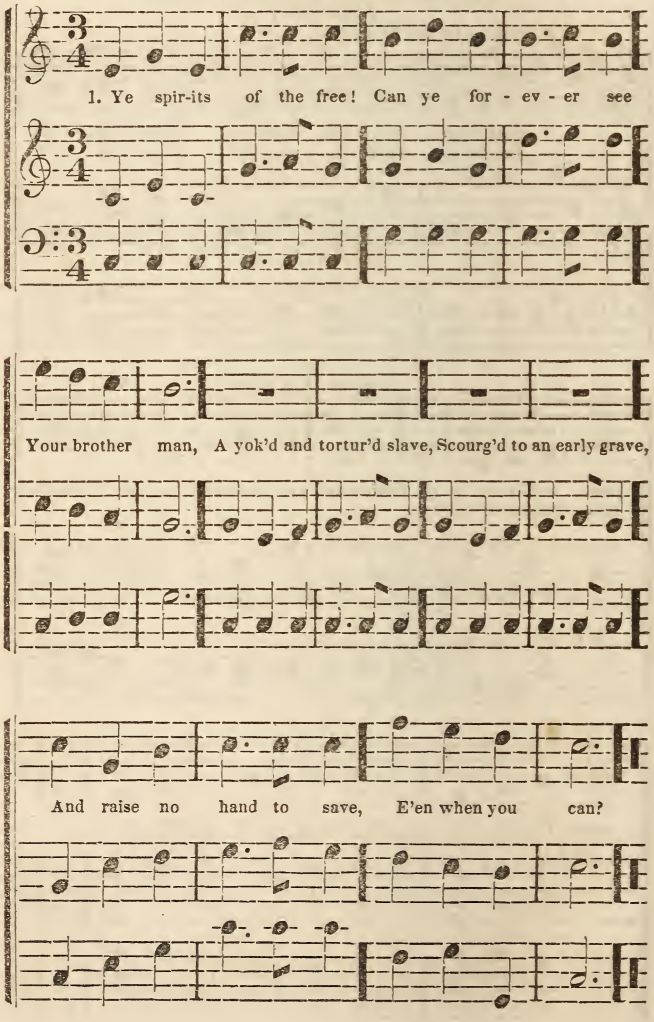
Bondman! yes, its glorious blaze Lights your
Bondman! God is on the throne, He will

Chorus to 3d stanza.

path to lib - er - ty. Bondman! yes, thou shalt be free—Spread thy
bring thee quick release.

great Deliv'rer's fame, Spread thy great Deliv'rer's fame.

Arming, but not with Carnal weapons.



Arming, but not with Carnal Weapons.

(CONTINUED.)

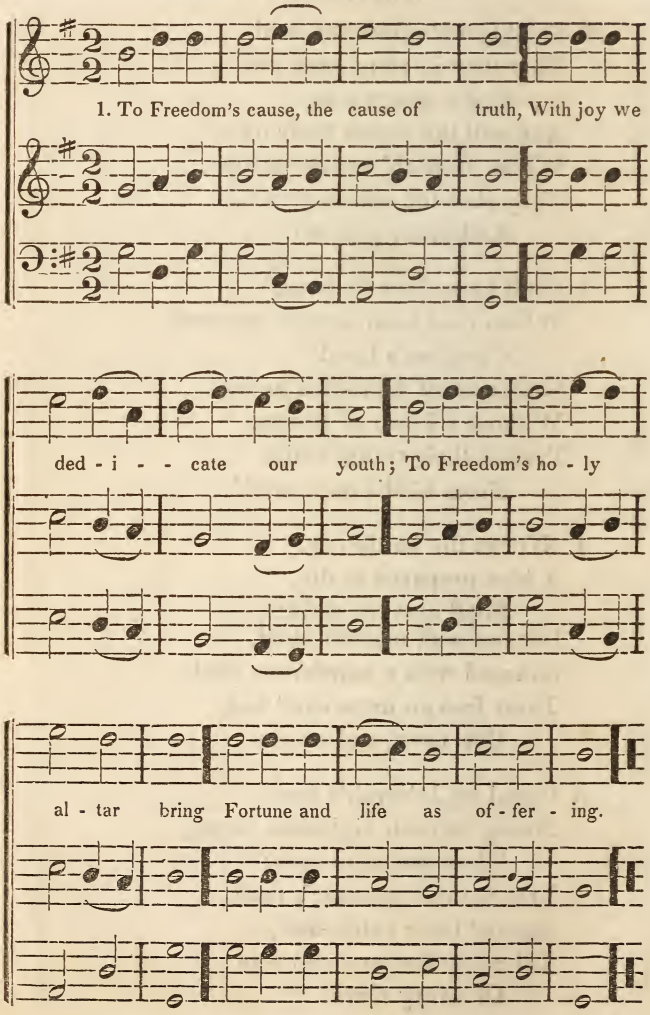
2 Shall tyrants from the soul,
That they in pomp may roll,
God's image tear,
And call the wreck their own;
While, from th' eternal throne,
They shut the stifled groan,
And bitter prayer?

3 Shall he a slave be bound,
Whom God hath doubly crowned,
Creation's Lord?
Shall men of Christian name,
Without a blush of shame,
Profess their tyrant claim
From God's own word?

4 NO! at the battle cry,
A host prepared to die,
Shall arm for fight:
But not with martial steel,
Grasped with a murderous zeal;
Their foes no arms shall feel,
But LOVE and LIGHT.

5 Based on Jehovah's laws,
Strong in their righteous cause,
They march to save;
Vain is the oppressor's mail,
Against their battle-hail,
Till cease the woe and wail
Of every slave.

Christian Resolution.



Christian Resolution.

BY CAROLINE WESTON.

To Freedom's cause, the cause of truth,
With joy we dedicate our youth;
To Freedom's holy altar bring
Fortune and life as offering.

Temptations sore and deadly foes,
Our onward progress would oppose;
And conflict stern we still must wage
With bigot hate and tyrant rage.

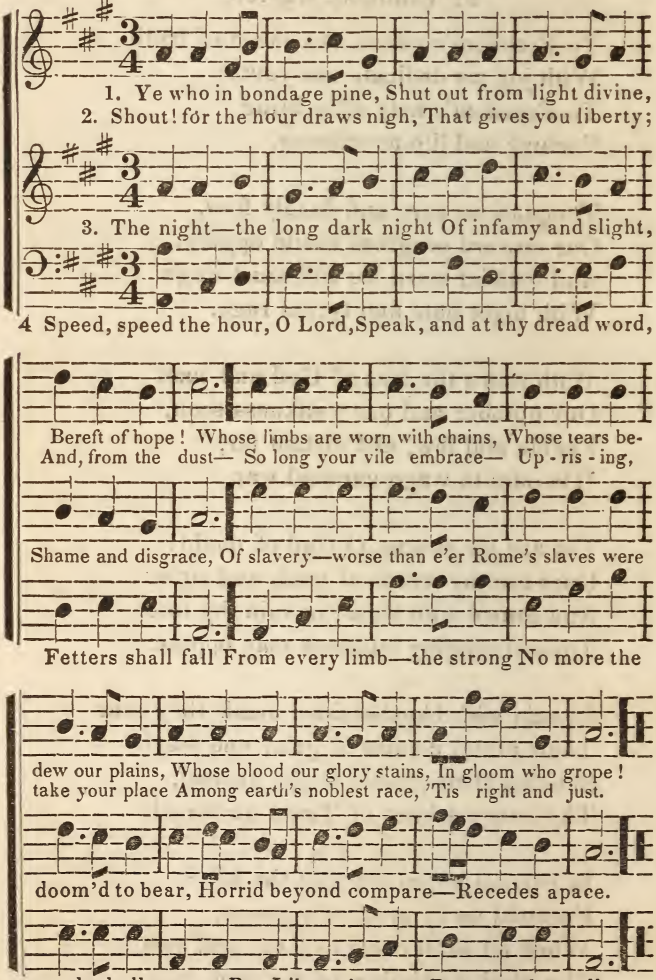
With scorn the foes of God and man
Our number and our weakness scan,
Feeble and few, and distant far,
'Tis ours to wage unequal war.

Yet are we strong, O God of might!
Ours are thy words of truth and right;
And armed with these, in vain thy foes
Their thronging numbers may oppose.

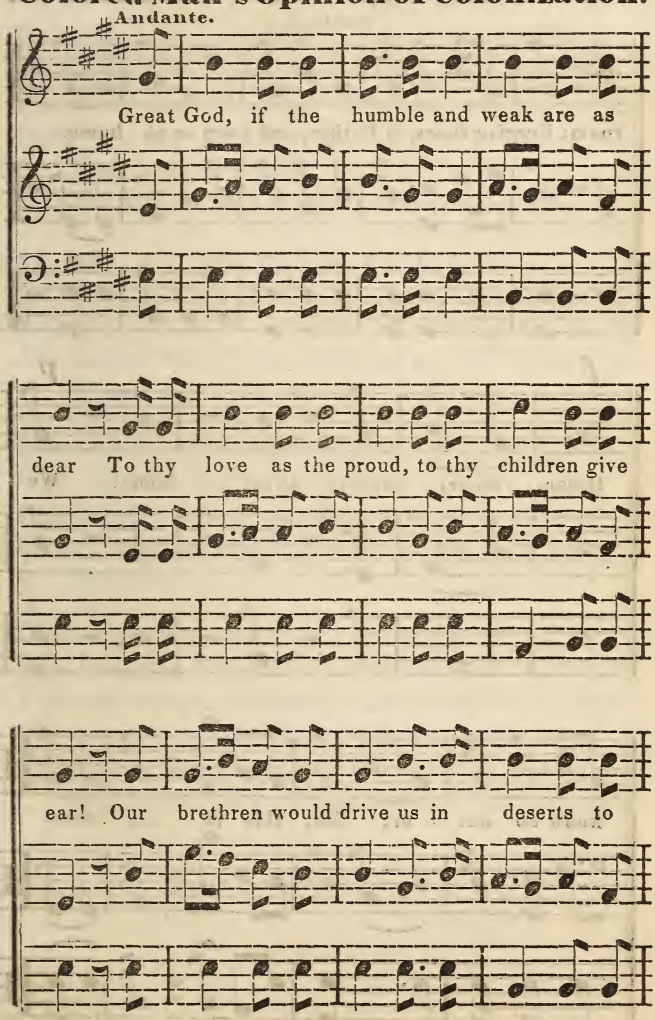
In vain with blood-stained hands they rear
Their proud abodes of grief and fear!
Shaking their glories to the ground,
Thy trumpet-blast of Truth we sound!

In earnest hopes we wait the hour,
Foretold us by prophetic power,
When all shall come to thee, and own
The glorious kindom of thy Son.

Rise, Sons of Africa! 6s & 4s.



Colored Man's Opinion of Colonization.



Colored Man's Opinion of Colonization.

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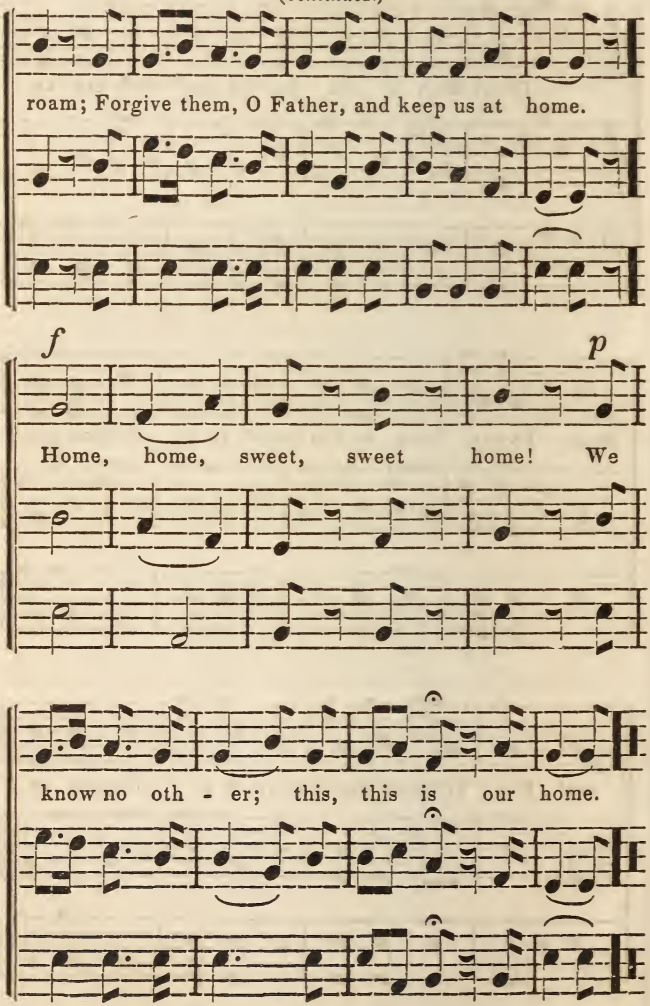


Colored man's Opinion of Colonization.—Home.

Great God, if the humble and weak are as dear
To thy love as the proud, to thy children give ear!
Our brethren would drive us in deserts to roam;
Forgive them, O Father, and keep us at home.
Home, sweet home!
We know no other; this, this is our home.

Here, here our loved mothers, released from their toils
To watch o'er our cradles and joy in our smiles;
Here the bones of our fathers lie buried; and here
Are friends, wives, and chiidren, ay, all we hold dear.
Home, &c.

Here is law, here is learning, and here we may move,
Most merciful God, in the light of thy love.
Boasts Afric such blessings? Oppressors declare!
Oh no, we may seek, but shall not find them there.
Home, &c.

Columbia, dear land of our birthright! may He,
Who made us a people, rain blessings on thee?
From thy bosom no pleading shall tempt us to roam;
Till force drives us from it, this, this is our home.
Home, sweet home,
Till force drives us from it, this, this is our home.

Progress of the Cause.

WORDS *by Oliver Johnson.*

1. Hark ! a voice from heav'n proclaiming Comfort to the mourning
God has heard him long complaining, And extends his arm to

slave ; } Proud op - pres-sion Soon shall find a shameful grave.
save ; }

Proud Op - pres - sion soon shall find a shame-ful grave.

Progress of the Cause.

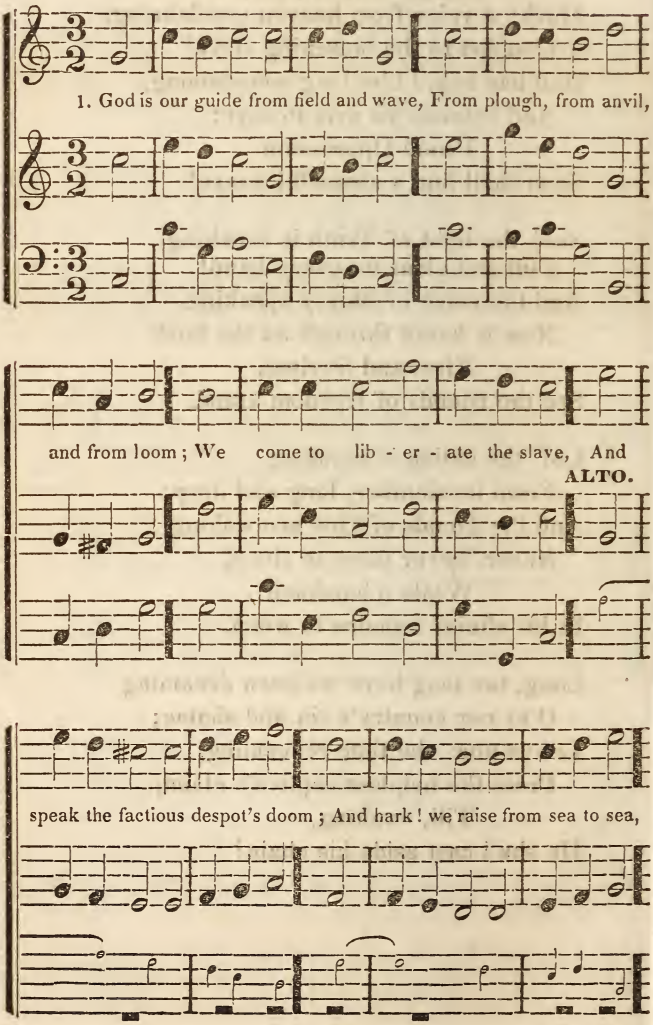
Hark! a voice from heaven proclaiming,
  Comfort to the mourning slave!
God has heard him long complaining,
  And extends his arm to save:
    Proud Oppression
Soon shall find a shameful grave!

See! the light of Truth is breaking,
  Full and clear on every hand!
And the voice of Mercy speaking,
  Now is heard through all the land:
    Firm and fearless,
See the friends of freedom stand.

Lo! the nation is arousing
  From its slumber, long and deep;
And the friends of God are waking,
  Never, never more to sleep,
    While a bondman
In his chains remains to weep.

Long, too long have we been dreaming
  O'er our country's sin and shame;
Let us now, the time redeeming,
  Press the helpless captive's claim,
    Till, exulting,
He shall cast aside his chain?

"God and Liberty!"



"God and Liberty."

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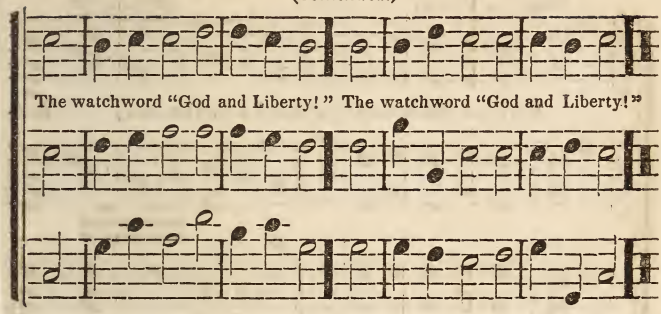


1 God is our guide from field and wave,
From plough, from anvil, and from loom;
We come to liberate the slave,
And speak the factious despot's doom;
And, hark! we raise from sea to sea,
The watchword—"God and Liberty!"

2 We draw no devastating sword,
No war's destructive fires we light,
By reason and the living word
Of God, we put our foes to flight;
And, hark! we raise from sea to sea,
The watchword—"God and Liberty!"

3 We come with blessings in our train,
To spread them with a bounteous hand;
To wipe away the guilty stain
Of Slavery, from this much-lov'd land;
And, hark! we raise from sea to sea,
The watchword—"God and Liberty!"

Sound the loud Timbrel.

TUNE, *Britannia hath triumphed.* WORDS, *by Montgomery.*

Repeat. Forte.

Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea, Brit-

Pia.

annia hath triumph'd—the Bondman is free; Sing—for the pride of the

tyrant is broken, His scourges and fetters, all clotted with blood, Are

Sound the loud Timbrel.

(*Continued.*)

Cres. For.

wrench'd from his grasp—for the word was but spoken, And fetters and

Pia.

scourges were sunk in the flood; Blow ye the

trumpet abroad o'er the sea, Britannia hath

Sound the loud Timbrel.

(Continued.)

For.

triumph'd—the Bondman is free. Blow ye the trumpet a-

broad o'er the sea, Bri - tan - nia hath triumph'd—the

Bondman is free, the Bondman is free, the Bondman is free.

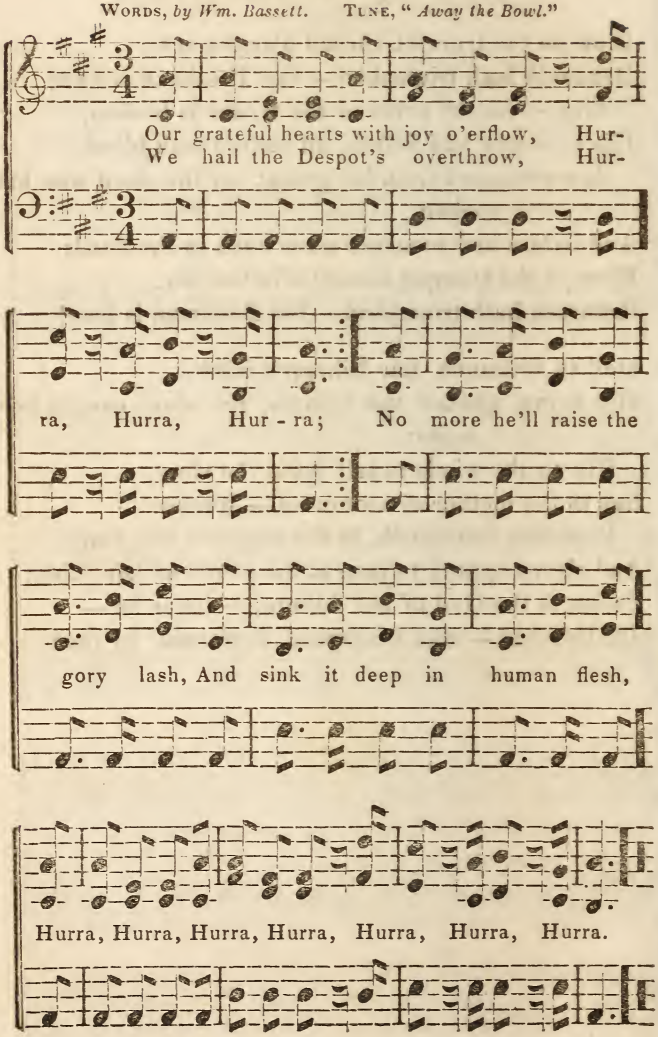
Sound the loud Timbrel.

Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,
Britannia hath triumphed — the Bondman is free;
Sing — for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His scourges and fetters, all clotted with blood,
Are wrenched from his grasp; for the word was but spoken,
And fetters and scourges were sunk in the flood;
Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,
Britannia hath triumphed — the Bondman is free!

Hail to Britannia, fair Liberty's isle!
Her frown quailed the tyrants, the slave caught her smile;
Fly on the winds to tell Afric the story,
Say to the mother of mourners — Rejoice!"
Britannia went forth, in the might of her glory,
And slaves sprung to men at the sound of her voice;
Praise to the God of our fathers; — 'twas he —
JEHOVAH — who triumphed, Britannia! by thee.

Song for the 1st of August.

WORDS, *by Wm. Bassett.* TUNE, "*Away the Bowl.*"



Song for the first of August.

(CONTINUED.)

2 We raise the song in Freedom's name,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
Her glorious triumph we proclaim,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
Beneath her feet lie Slavery's chains,
Their power to curse no more remains,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.

3 With joy we'll make the air resound,
Hurra, hurra, hurra,
That all may hear the gladsome sound,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
We glory at Oppressions fall,
The slave has burst his deadly thrall,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.

4 In mirthful glee we'll dance and sing,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
With shouts we'll make the welkin ring,
Hurrra, Hurra, Hurra,
Shout! shout aloud! the bondman's free!
This, this is Freedom's jubilee!
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra, Hurra,
Hurra, Hurra, Hurra.

Prayer for the Slave.

WORDS—*by J. Pierpont.* TUNE—*Missionary Hymn.*

1. Almighty God, thou Giver Of all our sunny plains, That stretch from sea to

river, Hear'st thou thy children's chains? See'st thou the snapper'd lashes That

dai - ly sting a - fresh? See'st thou the cow-skin's gashes, Cut through the quivering flesh?

Prayer for the Slave.

(CONTINUED.)

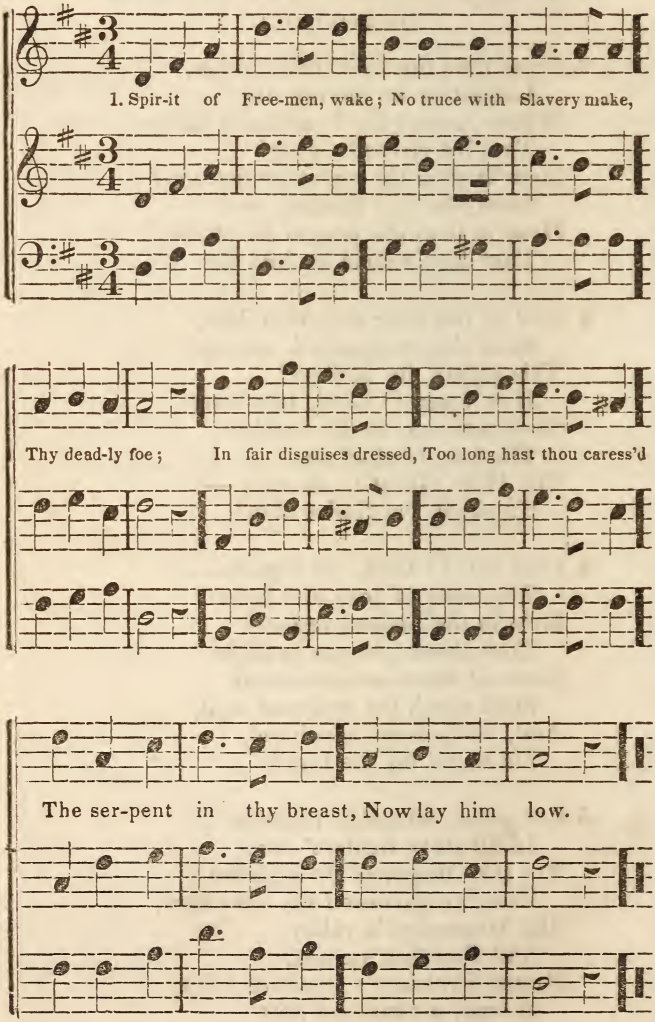
2 Seest thou the sores that rankle,
  Licked by no pitying dog,
Where, round the bondman's ancle,
  They've riveted a clog?
Hear'st thou the curse he mutters?
  Seest thou his flashing eye?
Hear'st thou the prayer he utters,
  That thou woulst let him die.

3 God of the poor and friendless,
  Shall this unequalled wrong,
This agony, be endless?
  How long, O Lord, how long
Shall man set, on his brother,
  The iron heal of sin,
The Holy Ghost to smother —
  To crush the God within!

4 Call out, O God, thy legions —
  The hosts of love and light!
Ev'n in the blasted regions
  That slavery wraps in night,
Some of thine own anointed
  Shall catch the welcome call,
And, at the hour appointed,
  Do battle for the thrall.

5 Let press, let pulpit thunder
  In all slave-holders' ears,
Till they disgorge the plunder
  They've garnered up, for years;
Till Mississippi's valley,
  Till Carolina's coast,
Round Freedom's standard rally,
  A vast, a *ransomed* host!

Freemen asserting their own rights.



Freemen asserting their own rights.

6s & 4s.

(CONTINUED.)

3 Must e'en the press be dumb?
Must truth itself succumb?
And thoughts be mute?
Shall law be set aside,
The right of prayer denied,
Nature and God decried,
And man called brute?

3 What lover of her fame
Feels not his country's shame,
In this dark hour?
Where are the patriots now,
Of honest heart and brow,
Who scorn the neck to bow
To Slavery's power?

4 Sons of the free! we call
On you, in field and hall,
To rise as one;
Your heaven-born rights maintain,
Nor let Oppression's chain
On human limbs remain; —
Speak! and 'tis done.

A Hymn for the First of August.

BY W. L. GARRISON.

1 Lo the bondage of ages has ceased!
The chains of the tyrant are riven!
No more as a chattel or beast,
Shall man to his labor be driven:
Where the groans and the shrieks of despair
From heart-broken victims were heard,
Songs of rapturous joy fill the air,
More sweet than the notes of a bird!

2 Lo! the gloom and the blackness of night
Have suddenly vanished away,
And all things rejoice in the light
Of Freedom's meridian day!
Restored to their sight are tbe blind —
No longer they grope for the wall;
All who seek may with certainty find,
For clear is the vision of all!

4 Hark! a voice from the Isles of the Sea!
Its echoes are heard round the world;
O! joyful its message — "WE ARE FREE!
To dust Oppression is hurled!
We are free as the waves of the deep,
As the winds that sweep o'er the earth;
And therefore we jubilee keep,
And hallow the day of our birth!"

4 Praise, praise to the name of the Lord!
What wonders his right hand hath done!
How mighty and sure is his word!
How great is the victory won!

The power that Jehovah deified,
In ruin and infamy lies; —
O, spread the intelligence wide —
For marvellous 't is in all eyes.

5 Columbia! O shame on thee now!
Repent thee in ashes and dust!
There is blood on thy hands — on thy brow —
And thou art by slavery cursed!
Thy millions of vassals set free,
Away with the scourge and the rod —
Then join with the Isles of the Sea,
In a shout of thanksgiving to God!

Song of the Abolitionist.

BY W. L. GARRISON.

AIR — *Auld Lang Syne.*

I am an Abolitionist!
I glory in the name;
Though now by SLAVERY's minions hissed,
And covered o'er with shame:
It is a spell of light and power,
The watch-word of the free —
Who spurns it in the trial-hour,
A craven soul is he!

I am an Abolitionist!
Then urge me not to pause,
For joyfully do I enlist
In Freedom's sacred cause·

A nobler strife the world ne'er saw,
  Th' enslaved to disenthral;
I am a soldier for the war,
  Whatever may befall!

I am an Abolitionist —
  Oppression's deadly foe;
In God's great strength will I resist,
  And lay the monster low;
In God's great name do I demand,
  To all be freedom given,
That peace aud joy may fill the land,
  And songs go up to heaven!

I am an Abolitionist!
  No threats shall awe my soul,
No perils cause me to desist,
  No bribes my acts control;
A freeman will I live and die,
  In sunshine and in shade,
And raise my voice for liberty,
  Of naught on earth afraid.

Hail to the Cause of Liberty.

Words by C. W. Dennison. TUNE—*Hail to the Chief.*

1st Voice.

1. Hail to the cause that in tri - umph advances, Pour - ing the light of its glo-ry a - far: Banner'd and plum'd, lo! the sheen of its lan - ces 'Lu-mines the steeds and the prow of its car.

Dolce.

Hark hear it roll - ing on, Trumping of bat - tles won;

f

Won o'er the hosts that have set it at bay!

Hail to the Cause of Liberty.

(Continued.)

Dolce.

Shout! it is marching now; Shout! see its foe - men bow!

f

"God and our cause!" we are win - ning the day,

f

f

f

"God and our cause," we are win - ning the day.

f

f

Hail to the Cause of Liberty.

(CONTINUED.)

3 Lo! o'er the field, mark! the foe is preparing,
Rank upon rank, for another attack;
While God and right he is wickedly daring;
Who from the conflict turns cowardly back?
March to the battle-field!
Never, no! never yield.
Dark though the cloud of the enemy lowers!
Strike! and be valiant then;
Stand to your posts like men;
"GOD AND OUR CAUSE!" soon the triumph is ours!

3 Weapons of war we have cast from the battle;
TRUTH is our armor — our watch-word is LOVE;
Hushed be the sword and the musketry's rattle;
All our equipments are drawn from above;
Praise, then, the God of Truth,
Hoar age and ruddy youth!
Praise Him, who flock for our army's increase!
Long may our rally be —
"LOVE, LIGHT AND LIBERTY, — "
Ever our banner the banner of peace!

Remember them that are in bonds.

1st Treble.

Christian mother! when thy pray'r Trembles

2d Treble.

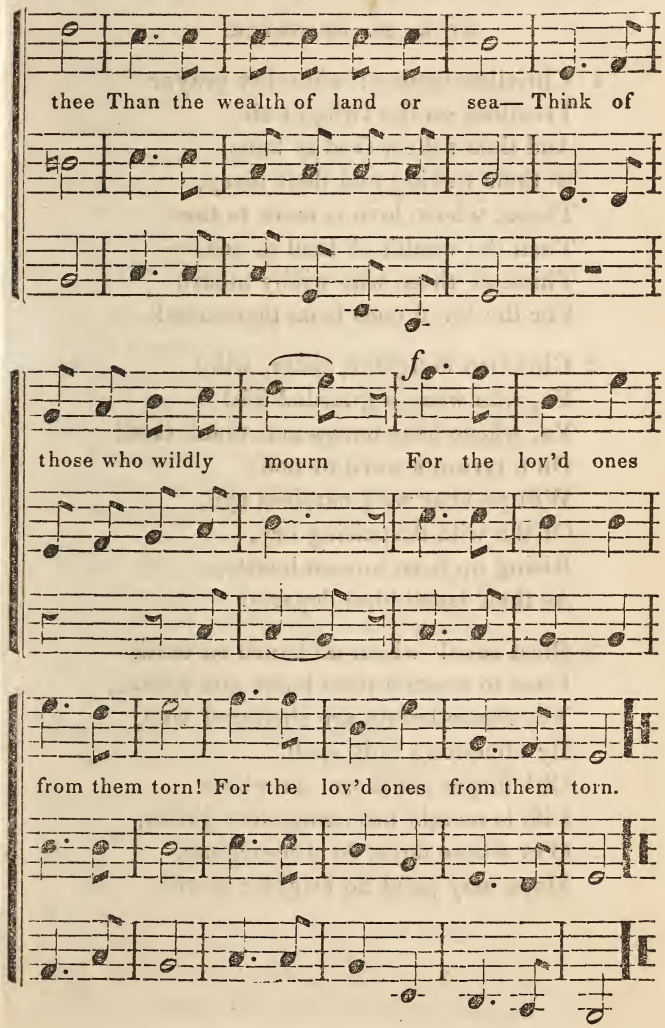
3d Treble.

on the twilight air, And thou askest God to keep—

f

In their waking and their sleep—Those, whose love is more to

Remember them that are in bonds.



Remember them that are in Bonds.

BY E. M. CHANDLER.

1 Christian mother! when thy prayer
Trembles on the twilight air,
And thou askest God to keep,
In their waking and their sleep,
Those, whose love is more to thee
Than the wealth of land or sea, —
Think of those who wildly mourn
For the loved ones from them torn!

2 Christian daughter, sister, wife!
Ye, who wear a guarded life!
Ye, whose bliss hangs not, thank God!
On a tyrant's word or nod!
Will ye hear with careless eye,
Of the wild despairing cry,
Rising up from human hearts,
As their latest bliss departs?

3 Blest ones! whom no hands on earth
Dare to wrench from home and hearth,
Ye, whose hearts are sheltered well,
By affection's holy spell,
Oh! forget not those, for whom
Life is nought but changeless gloom,
O'er whose days, so woe-begone,
Hope may paint no brighter dawn!

Stanzas.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Our fellow-countrymen in chains!
  Slaves — in a land of light and law!
Slaves crouching on the very plains
  Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!
A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood —
  A wail where Camden's martyr's fell —
By every shrine of patriot blood,
  From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,
  By mossy wood and marshy glen,
Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
  And hurrying shout of Marion's men!
The groan of breaking hearts is there —
  The falling lash — the fetter's clank!
Slaves — SLAVES are breathing in that air,
  Which old De Kalb and Sumpter drank!

What, ho! *our* countrymen in chains!
  The whip on WOMAN'S shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
  Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!
  What! God's own image bought and sold!
AMERICANS to market driven,
  And bartered, as the brute, for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer
  Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?
To us, whose fathers scorned to bear
  The paltry menace of a chain;
To us, whose boast is loud and long
  Of holy Liberty and Light —
Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong
  Plead vainly for their plundered Right!

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,
  Our sympathies across the wave,
Where manhood, on the field of death,
  Strikes for his freedom or a grave?
Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung
  For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,
And millions hail, with pen and tongue,
  Our light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
  By Vendome's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,
And Poland gasping on her lance,
  The impulse of our cheering call?
And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,
  Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?
And toss his fettered arms on high,
  And groan for freedom's gift, in vain?

Oh! say, shall Prussia's banner be
  A refuge for the stricken slave?
And shall the Russian serf go free,
  By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?
And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane
  Relax the iron hand of pride,
And bid his bondmen cast the chain,
  From fettered soul, and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag
  Proclaim that all around are free,
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
  That beetles o'er the Western sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
  When freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
  The damning shade of slavery's curse?

Go — let us ask of Constantine
  To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;

And beg the Lord of Mahmoud's line
  To spare the struggling Suliote —
Will not the scorching answer come
  From turbaned Turk and fiery Russ;
"Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
  Then turn, and ask the like of us!

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
  The Christian's scorn — the Heathen's mirth —
Content to live the lingering jest
  And by-word of a mocking Earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
  That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
  Which not e'en Russia's menial's wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
  From grey-beard eld to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
  Scatter the living coals of Truth.
Up — while ye slumber, deeper yet
  The shadow of our fame is growing!
Up — while ye pause, our sun may set
  In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth —
  The gathered wrath of God and man —
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
  When hail and fire above it ran.
Hear ye no warnings in the air?
  Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
Up — up — why will ye slumber where
  The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up *now* for Freedom! not in strife
  Like that your sterner fathers saw —
The awful waste of human life —
  The glory and the guilt of war:

But break the chain, the yoke remove,
  And smite to earth oppression's rod,
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
  Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
  And leave no traces where it stood;
Nor longer let its idol drink
  His daily cup of human blood:
But rear another altar there,
  To Truth and Love, and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer
  Shall call and answer down from Heaven!

The Gag.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

Ho! children of the granite hills,
  That bristle with the hackamatak,
And sparkle with the crystal rills
  That hurry toward the Merrimack,
Dam up those rills! — for, while they run,
They all rebuke your Atherton.

Dam up those rills! --- they flow so free
  O'er icy slope, o'er beetling crag,
That soon they'll all be off at sea,
  Beyond the reach of Charlie's gag;
And when those waters are the sea's,
They'll speak and thunder as they please!

Then freeze them stiff! --- but let there come
  No *winds* to chain them; — should they blow,
They'll speak of freedom; — let the dumb
  And breathless frost forbid their flow.
Then all will be so hushed and mum,
You'll think your Atherton has come.

Not he! — "Of all the airs that blow,"
  He dearly loves the soft South-west,
That tells where rice and cotton grow,
  And man is, like the Patriarch's, blest
(So say some eloquent divines)
With God-given slaves and concubines.

Let not the winds go thus at large,
  That now o'er all your hills career, —
Your Sunapee and Kearsarge, —
  Nay, nay, methinks the bounding deer
That, like the winds, sweep round their hill,
Should all be gagged to keep them still.

And all your big and little brooks,
  That rush down, laughing, towards the sea,
Your Lampreys, Squams, and Contocooks,
  That show a spirit to be free,
Should learn they're not to take such airs; —
Your mouths are stopped; — then why not theirs?

Plug every spring that dares to play
  At bubble, in its gravel cup,
Or babble as it runs away! —
  Nay, — catch and coop your eagles up!
It is not meet that they should fly,
And scream of freedom through your sky.

Ye've not done yet! Your very trees, —
  Those sturdy pines, their heads that wag
In concert with the mountain breeze, —
  Unless they're silenced by a gag,
Will whisper --- "We will stand our ground!
Our heads are *up!* OUR HEARTS ARE SOUND!"

Yes, Atherton, the *upright* firs
  O'er thee exult and taunt thee thus, ---
"Though thou art fallen, no feller stirs
  His foot, or lifts his axe at us,

Hell from beneath is moved at thee,
Since thou hast crouched to Slavery.

"Thou saidst, 'I will exalt my throne
  Above the stars; and, in the north
Will sit upon the mount alone,
  And send my Slavery "Orders" forth!'
Our WHITE HILLS spurn thee from their sight;
Their blast shall speed thee in thy flight.

"Go! breathe amid the anguish damps
  That gather o'er the Congaree; ---
Go! hide thee in the cypress swamps
  That darken o'er the black Santee, ---
And be the moss above thy head,
The gloomy drapery of thy bed!

"The moss that creeps from bough to bough,
  And hangs in many a dull festoon; ---
There, peeping through thy curtain, thou
  Mayest catch some 'glimpses of the moon';
Or, better, twist of it a string,
Noose to thy neck, repent, and --- swing!"

Sons of the granite hills, your birds,
  Your winds, your waters, and your trees,
Of faith and freedom speak, in words
  That should be felt in times like these;
Their voice comes to you from the sky!
In them God speaks of Liberty.

Sons of the granite hills, awake!
  Ye're on a mighty stream afloat,
With all your liberties at stake;
  A faithless pilot's on your boat!
And, while ye've lain asleep, ye're snagged!
Ye cannot cry for help, — YE'RE GAGGED!

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